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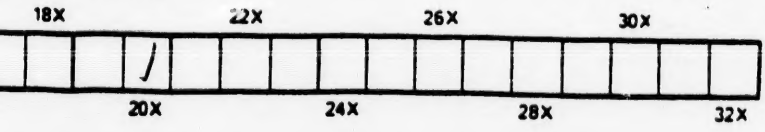

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Yours
T. de Witt Talmage

POINTS;"

OR,

SUGGESTIVE MESSAGES, INCIDENTS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,

Author of "Crumbs Swept Up," etc.

Toronto:
COPP, CLARK, AND CO.
MDCCCLXXIV.

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PREFACE.

THE numerous and varied extracts from the works of Dr. Talmage contained in this volume need no commendation. A glance at them will convince the reader that they are in many instances eminently beautiful, and in all highly suggestive and full of power. They are the scintillations of a mind singularly gifted and original, and shine with a brightness which genius only could impart. Each extract not only presents an idea original or beautiful, but, in the case of every thoughtful reader, will be found stimulating and creative. Fresh trains of thought will be suggested, and mental activity stimulated. Nor will the freshness of these extracts soon fade, or their power to strike and quicken soon cease. Without exaggeration, it may be said of them that "those who have tasted them once will desire to taste them again, and those who have tasted them oftenest will relish them best."

The appropriateness of the title needs no vindication, for these extracts are incisive thoughts; they are nails fastened in sure places; they are literally "points," as they convey vivid ideas fitted to strike and excite attention.

As readers of these remarkable and brilliant extracts will naturally desire to know something of their author, we add the following brief sketch of Dr. Talmage:—

Thomas de Witt Talmage was born at Boundbrook, New Jersey, January 7th, 1832. He was the youngest of twelve children. Three of his brothers preceded him in the ministry. His parents were persons of exalted Christian character. Dr. Talmage was educated at, and graduated from, the New York University and the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, N. J. He became a Christian when eighteen years old. He entered the ministry at Belleville, N. J. After three years he was called to Syracuse, N. Y. Here also he laboured three years, then went to Philadelphia, where he enjoyed an unusually successful ministry of seven years. His congregations were among the largest in the city, and his preaching was fruitful in spiritual results. During this period he acquired extensive fame as a lecturer. From Philadelphia he was called to Brooklyn.

The pulpit of the Central Presbyterian Church in this city was vacant. From various causes the society had declined, until its strength was measured by a list of only nineteen voting members. These nineteen united in signing a call to Mr. Talmage to become their pastor. Almost simultaneously with this call, invitations reached

him from churches in Chicago and San Francisco. Mr. Talmage had already set his heart upon endeavouring to build up a free church. On inquiry, he found that vested interests existed in the churches at Chicago and San Francisco, which would probably impose permanent obstacles to the introduction of the free-seat system into them, while no such obstruction existed in the Brooklyn church. He therefore accepted the call of the latter. For fifteen months after coming to Brooklyn he preached in the original edifice of the Central Presbyterian Church. It was a capacious building, but the congregation grew steadily till it could no longer find accommodation. When it became evident that it would be necessary to make better provision for the people, Mr. Talmage laid before his trustees his plan for free seats, and offered to make his salary dependent upon its success. After discussion, his proposition was accepted, and the plans for the Tabernacle were prepared. The choice of seats was allotted to the heads of families and members of the congregation in the order of their applying for them, without reference to the amount of their subscriptions. The Tabernacle was dedicated in September, 1870. The building at first accommodated three thousand persons. In less than a year after it was opened it had to be enlarged so as to seat five hundred more.

The Tabernacle was burned on the morning of December 22, 1872, just before the hour of service. Dr. Talmage and his family had started for church, and first perceived the fire while on their way. As he got out of his carriage he remarked, "Well, the building never was large enough;

now the people throughout the country will help us to build a more roomy structure." On the same day several churches were offered to the people of the Tabernacle for occupancy until their own house could be restored. The Academy of Music was engaged.

Next to a free church, from which a free Gospel should be preached, Dr. Talmage had at heart the enlistment of laymen in Christian work. He had long been impressed that there was an amount of lay energy lying dormant, which, if aroused and properly directed, might be made a power in evangelising the world. Gradually the scheme for calling it out and training it was unfolded in his mind. He secured the co-operation of eminent ministers and laymen of various denominations. Thus grew up the Tabernacle Free College for training Christian workers. Its classes are thoroughly organised, and are regularly drilled under competent instructors. Lectures are given at stated periods by some of the ablest men in the Christian churches—laymen as well as ministers—who present those departments of Christian or moral activity in which they are best versed. A large force of workers has already been sent out from this institution, the fruits of whose labours are seen in numerous new preaching places, and in congregations organised in places not before provided with church facilities. This institution is in fact, as well as in name, undenominational.

A great variety of opinion, and much misapprehension, respecting the character of Dr. Talmage and his preaching, exist among those who do not know him. The opinion of those who know him is uniform. A more

erroneous judgment could not be formed than to characterise his preaching as "sensational" in the sense in which that term is commonly used. It is true that he speaks plainly, points his addresses directly, and makes sinners feel exceedingly uncomfortable; but the force of his preaching is only that legitimate force which earnestness of conviction and straightforward aim always give. It depends upon nothing extraneous or artificial. His preaching is almost exactly of the style of that of the old-fashioned Methodist preachers who did so much to win the new settlements of our country to Christ. In fact, one who hears him for the first time might well imagine him to be one of the greatest of these men come to life again. His manner is wholly natural, and is as of one who not only believes, but knows, that the doctrines he is advancing are the truth, and that he is irresistibly impelled to proclaim them. He preaches the Gospel literally as he finds it, with a simplicity and thoroughness that withhold nothing; he defers to no prejudice, interest, or *ism;* he feels the closest sympathy with nature and humanity; he possesses descriptive powers of the highest order, and great fertility in illustration; for words he prefers the honest old Anglo-Saxon. Candid critics of the evangelical school do justice to the fervid Christian spirit of his preaching; those find fault with him whose religion is mixed with formality, or who believe in softening down the expression of unpleasant truths. The practical test of the value of his preaching was given in the Tabernacle, where, in an unfavourable locality, and with a broken-down society to start with, there gathered around him a

congregation of more than three thousand regular attendants: men with families; persons who from indifference or other causes had fallen off from the habit of attending church; young people; and people who would never have become attached to a church, or thought religion worthy of serious consideration, had they not fallen under the influence of such a man as Mr. Talmage.

Personally, Mr. Talmage is one of the most unassuming of men. He is of vivacious temperament, of pleasant address, easy to approach, is genial with his associates, and is one of the last men whom a stranger accosting would take to be the world-renowned preacher.

"*POINTS.*"

SALVATION AND WORK.—While I recognise the truth that nothing but the almighty grace of God can save our souls, I remember there is something for us to do, just as certainly as the Bible declares: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

"A FIELD FOR EVERY ONE."—Are we ready? I don't say what your field is, but there is some one field for you to cultivate—a field which no one else can take. Helmet on head, girdle on waist, hand on sword, strike for your Lord.

BE NOT SWIFT TO JUDGE.—When you hear evil of any one, suspend judgment. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defence. Do not run out to meet every heated whelp of malice that runs with its head down and its tongue out. The probability is that it is mad, and will only bite those who attempt to entertain it.

DIFFERENT TEMPTATIONS.—Be lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall, and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could not, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction, but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men could never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction.

BOASTING. — Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite

soul-force. If grace direct it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables.

CRITICISMS OF OTHERS.—In our criticisms of others, let us remember that we have faults which our friends have excused. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation! It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections.

JUDGMENT AND MERCY.—We ought to be induced away from all harshness by the fact that we ourselves are to be brought to a high tribunal at the last, and that he shall have judgment without mercy that has shown

no mercy. You are accustomed with rough grip violently to shake men for their misdeeds, waiting for no palliations, and listening to no appeals. What will become of you when at last, with all your imperfections, you appear at the bar of your Maker?

CHRIST IN SYMPATHY WITH US.—The Divine nature is so vast, and the human so small, that we are apt to think that they do not touch each other at any point. We might have never so many mishaps, the government at Washington would not hear of them; and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows; but there is a throne against which strike our most insignificant perplexities. What touches us, touches Christ. What annoys us, annoys Christ. What robs us, robs Christ. He is the great nerve-centre to which thrill all sensations which touch us who are His members.

PRAYING AND WORKING.—I had a man in my

congregation once who used to pray for me by the half-hour that I might be blest in my basket and store, and in my store and basket, and he never gave a cent of salary. I knew a man twenty-five years ago who gave three cents to the Foreign Missionary Society, and he has sat in blank astonishment ever since that the world has not been converted.

THOUGHTS WANDERING IN PRAYER.—Nothing bothers the Christian more than the imperfections of his prayers. His getting down on his knees seems to be the signal for his thoughts to fly every whither. While praying about one thing he is thinking about another. Could you ever keep your mind ten minutes on one supplication? I never could. While you are praying, your store comes in, your kitchen comes, your losses and gains come in. The minister spreads his hands for prayer, and you put your head

on the back of the pew in front, and travel around the world in five minutes. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who is coming in. You say to yourself, "What a finely expressed prayer," or "What a blundering specimen! But how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion. I wonder how much he gives for it? There! I don't think I turned the gas down in the parlour. Wonder if Bridget has got home yet. Wonder if they have thought to take the cake out of the oven!" or, "What a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those goods for cash, and not on credit!" And so you go on thinking over one thing after another until the gentleman says "Amen!" and you lift up your head saying, "There! I haven't prayed a

bit. I am not a Christian." Yes, you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly we are descended of sin, and He will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish, and answer it. To the very depth of His nature He sympathises with the infirmity of our prayers.

EARNESTNESS AND WORK.—Our work does not amount to much. We teach a class, or distribute a bundle of tracts, or preach a sermon, and say, "Oh, if I had done it some other way!" Christ will make no record of our bungling way if we did the best we could. He will make record of our intention and the earnestness of our attempt. We cannot get the attention of our class, or we break down in our exhortation, or our sermon falls dead, and we go home disgusted and sorry: we try to speak, and feel Christ is afar off. Why, He is nearer than if we had succeeded,

for He knows that we need sympathy, and is touched with our infirmity.

GOD'S SHADOW.— It is our misfortune that we mistake God's shadow for the night. If a man come and stand between you and the sun, his shadow falls upon you. So God sometimes comes in and stands between us and worldly successes, and His shadow falls upon us, and we wrongly think that it is night. As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of His body falls upon it, and so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting love.

GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.—Thank God there is mercy for the poor! The great Dr. John Mason preached over a hundred times the same sermon, and the text was, "To the poor the gospel is preached." Lazarus went

up while Dives went down; and there are candidates for imperial splendours in the back alley and by the peat fire of the Irish shanty. King Jesus set up His throne in a manger and made a resurrection day for the poor widow of Nain, and threw the gate of heaven wide open, so that all the beggars and thieves and scoundrels of the universe may come in, if they only repent.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.—Christ is the only refuge. If you were very sick, and there was only one medicine that would cure you, how anxious you would be to get that medicine. If you were in a storm at sea, and you found that the ship could not weather it, and there was only one harbour, how anxious you would be to get into that harbour. O, sin-sick soul, Christ is the only medicine! O, storm-tossed soul, Christ is the only harbour!

WRONG TO CHEAT.—A young man goes into a store where there are sharpers. He is told

by the head man in the store that it is very wrong to cheat unless you can do it well; that a lie is very wicked unless it is smart; that all you want to make goods French is to put on a French label. Well, the honest young man from the country stands at the counter and points out all the good qualities of the goods and becomes an excellent salesman. He says, "There is nothing like those goods in the city;" but he has better on the next shelf. "Those goods," he continues, "we are now selling at less than cost, although we do not like to do it, and they will wash." Yes, they will wash out. The customer takes the goods and thinks he has got a good bargain; while the clerk goes into the counting-room and says, "We have got rid of those goods at last; I really thought we never should sell them." The managing man says, "Splendid! splendid! Go up and be first clerk." One day the members of the firm

come to the store and find that the safe is robbed, and ask, "Where is the head clerk?" The reply is, "He has not been here this morning." And he never will be there. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. He has fleeced customers five years, and he has now turned his hand upon his employer. "It is always wrong to cheat, unless you can do it well!" was the motto of that firm.

GRACE.—Christ is on a throne of grace. Our case is brought before Him. The question is asked, "Is there any good about this man?" The law says, "None." Justice says, "None." Nevertheless Christ hands over our pardon, and asks us to take it. Oh, the height and depth, the length and breadth of His mercy!

ILL-TEMPERED CHRISTIANS, AND WHY. — Some of the worst-tempered people of the day are religious people, from the fact that they have no rest. Added to the necessary work of the world they superintend two Sunday-schools,

listen to two sermons, and every night have meetings of charitable and Christian institutions. They look after the beggars, hold conventions, speak at meetings, wait on ministers, serve as committee-men, take all the hypercriticisms that inevitably come to earnest workers, rush up and down the world, and develop their hearts at the expense of all their other functions. They are the best men on earth, and Satan knows it, and is trying to kill them as fast as possible. They know not that it is as much a duty to take care of their health as to go to the sacrament. It is as much a sin to commit suicide with the sword of truth as with the pistol.

TRYING TO DO TOO MUCH. — Some of our young people have read till they are crazed of learned blacksmiths who, at the forge, conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers; and milliners who, while their customers were

at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand, that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Jena, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast, and the ten minutes at noon; but I wish some one could tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in

an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest, wastes all his time.

CHRIST AND YOUR FRIEND. — If we want Christ to come mightily in our presence, we need to clear away all our preconceived notions as to how He shall come. If we invite a friend to our house we don't criticize the way in which he opens the door. We don't care how he bows when he enters the room. We are glad to welcome him by whatever door he may come, and in whatever way he may come. I don't know, my brothers and sisters in Christ, in what way Jesus wants to come to us. I don't know whether it is through the prayer meeting, or through the Sabbath-school class, or through the exhortation of some brother in Christ who has never been here before, or through some song of Zion,

or through the heart of some man of the world who may be in this room for the first time, anxious about his soul's salvation. I don't care how He comes, but, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

RELIGION A FORCE.—Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears, and mildness and fastidiousness; afraid of crossing people's prejudices; afraid of making somebody mad; with silken gloves lifting the people up from the church pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished for ever! Men speak of religion as though it were a refined imbecility, as though it were a spiritual chloroform that the people were to take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting ten thousand things that now seem to be settled on

firm foundations. I hear some man in the house say, "I thought religion was *peace*." That is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet.

RELIGION AND JOY.—As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will not go out of the back door. It will not hopple the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud, and George will jump higher than he ever did before. It will steal from the little ones neither ball nor bat, nor hoop nor kite. It will establish a family altar. Angels will hover over it. Ladders of light will reach down to it. The glory of heaven will stream

upon it. The books of remembrance will record it, and tides of everlasting blessedness will pour from it.

ON WAITING FOR THE LAST TRAIN.—Never take the last train when you can help it. Much of the trouble in life is caused by the fact that people, in their engagements, wait till the last minute. The seven o'clock train will take them to the right place if everything goes straight, but in this world things are very apt to go crooked. So you had better take the train that starts an hour earlier. In everything we undertake let us leave a little margin. Do not calculate too closely on possibilities. Better have room and time to spare. Do not take the last train. Not heeding this counsel makes bad work for this world and the next. There are many lines of communication between earth and heaven. Men say they can start any time. After a while, in great excitement, they rush into the dépôt

of mercy, and find that the final opportunity has left, and behold! it is the last train!

MISSION CHAPELS. Says some one, "We are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No, they will not! Five hundred thousand of them will not do it! They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is a confession of the disease and weakness of the Church. It is making a dividing line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well-conditioned, "If you can pay your pew rents, come to the main audience-room." It is saying to the poor man, "Your coat is too bad, and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to heaven, you will have to go by the way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become the kitchen, where the Church does its sloppy work. There are hundreds and thousands of churches in this country — gorgeously built and supported —

that, even on bright and sunshiny days, are not half full of worshippers; and yet they are building mission chapels, because, by some expressed or implied regulation, the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience-room. Mission chapels are a necessity the way churches are now conducted, but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity!

THE PRIDE OF THE CHURCH.—The pride of the Church must come down! The exclusiveness of the Church must come down! The financial boastings of the Church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the Church, then I say that the present modes of conducting finances were the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death, and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry, *Revolution!*

THE MISSION LIFE-BOAT.—The sea is covered with wrecks, and multitudes are drowning. We come out with the Church life-boat, and the people begin to clamber in, and we shout, "Stop! stop! You must think it costs nothing to keep a life-boat. Those seats at the prow are one dollar apiece, these in the middle fifty cents, and those seats in the stern two shillings. Please to pay up, or else flounder on a little longer till the mission boat whose work it is to save you penniless wretches shall come along and pick you up. We save only first-class sinners in this boat."

A CHURCH FOR THE NEEDY.—Rather than be priding myself on a church in front of which there shall halt fifty splendid equipages on the Sabbath-day, I would have a church up to whose gates there should come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admittance.

JESUS AND PERPETUAL YOUTH.—Mythology tells us of one who got aged, and they tried to make him young again. And so they took herbs, and they took fragments of owls and wolves, and put them in a caldron and stirred them up, and gave some to the man, and instantly his hair was blackened, his eyes brightened, his forehead smoothed, and his foot bounded like the roe. But the Gospel intimates that if a man knows Jesus Christ in his soul, he shall never get old, or having got old before he came to Jesus, he shall be made young again.

GO WHERE THE FISH ARE.—The Church of God has been fishing along the shore. We set our net in a good, calm place, and in sight of a fine chapel, and we go down every Sunday to see if the fish have been wise enough to come into our net. We might learn something from that boy with his hook and line. He throws his line from the bridge: no fish.

He sits down on a log: no fish. He stands in the sunlight and casts the line: but no fish. He goes up by the mill-dam, and stands behind the bank, where the fish cannot see him, and he has hardly dropped the hook before the cork goes under. The fish come to him as fast as he can throw them ashore. In other words, in our Christian work, why do we not go where *the fish are?* It is not so easy to catch souls in church, for they know that we are trying to take them. If you can throw your line out into the world, where they are not expecting you, they will be captured.

TELL GOD WHAT YOU WANT, with the feeling that He is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrew it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take

a review of your present wants, of your present sins, and of your present blessings.

ON MEASURING THE GRACE OF GOD.—Men talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long, and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case and say, "If God saved us, He can save anybody."

IT IS EASY TO GO WHEN THE TIME COMES. There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes, and takes us by the hand, and says, "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immortal purity and gladness?

GOD'S TABLE.—The round table of King Arthur and his knights had room for only

thirteen banqueters; but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be.

No Shore to God's Mercy. — Oh, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift-sailing craft, with compass, and charts, and choice rigging, and skilful navigators, and I tell them to launch away, and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north; this to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvas, and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbour of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach, "Have you found the shore?" and they answer, "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, and then come back and fold their

wings at the foot of the throne, and cry, "No shore! no shore to God's mercy!"

DO NOT SAIL COAST-WISE along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins." I preach it with as much confidence to that eighty-year-old transgressor as to this maiden. Though your sins were blood-red, they shall be snow-white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the father. Do you say that you are too bad? The high-water mark of God's pardon is higher than all your transgressions. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins." Do you say that your heart is hard? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long-continued? Suppose it were ten times longer. Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose that they were ten times blacker.

Is there any lion that this Samson cannot slay? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror cannot take? Is there any sin this Redeemer cannot pardon?

THE ECHOING VOICE.—Dr. Prime, in his book entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvellous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from the height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing. How many souls here to-day, in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm

hearts of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!

THE CHRISTIAN OLD MAN.—I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but with the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst?

HOW EASY.—It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven. A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge, and said, "It is time for me to go." He was very aged. His daughter said to him, "Are you sick?" He said, "No; but it is time for me to go. Let John put it in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Good-bye!" and as quick as that, God had taken him.

THE DOOM OF DISHONESTY.—You have an old photograph of the signs on your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last twenty years? Does the passing away of a generation account for it? Oh, no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh, no. This is the secret. The Lord God has been walking through Wall Street, Broadway, Water Street, Fulton Street, Atlantic Street; and He has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitude. The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this Gospel, a falsehood, instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation, or evasion, will be branded a lie! And stealings, that now sometimes go under the head of percentages, and commissions, and bonuses, will be put into the catalogue of state-prison offences. Society will be turned inside out and upside down,

and ransacked of God's truth, until business dishonesties shall come to an end, and all double-dealing; and God will overturn, and overturn, and overturn; and commercial men in all circles will throw up their hands, crying out, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither."

THE BIBLE THE ONLY STANDARD OF RIGHT.—Find me fifty merchants, and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh, yes," the man says, "he is honest, but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest, but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest, but he loans money on bond and mortgage with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage, he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the

homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half-price." Honest, when he loaned the money he knew that he would get the homestead at half-price? Honest, but he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor he is well, when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest, though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water; but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain. Ah! my friends, there is but one standard of the everlastingly right and of the everlastingly wrong, and that is the Bible; and when that principle shall get its lever under our commercial houses, I believe that one half of them will go over.

THE GRANDEUR OF OLD AGE.—Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars, and an

old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

GLORIOUS OLD AGE, if found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God!

ANTICIPATION OF THE END OF EVIL.—I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre-wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized; I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has

been extinguished; I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the celestial city. Above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne, and has begun to sing *Hallelujah!*

THE EVENING OF THE WORLD.—You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The labourers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swim in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above, and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow, silence in the orchard, silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, and joy, and peace.

I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE OF DEATH.—I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement, and joins in such company, and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour upon them this

stupendous theme of the soul's disenthralment! Oh! the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting *Free!* FREE!

THERE WILL BE A PASSWORD AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges, and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God, and deserve to die; but we heard

the voice of JESUS. . . " "Ay! ay!" says the gatekeeper, "that is the password!"

SOWING WILD OATS.—It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop.

THE DYING GIRL.—I went through the heaviest snow-storm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large round eye had not lost any of its lustre. Loved ones stood all around the bed, trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up; her father could not give her up; and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" she said, "happy! happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all

the sobs and wailings of grief I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good-night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but *one* really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny.

CHRIST'S CROWN JEWELS.—The Lord Jesus Christ, our King, has been gathering up his treasures for a good while, and on the great coronation-day of the judgment He will, in the presence of the assembled universe, show that the good of all ages are His crown jewels.

PEARLS FROM GREAT DEPTHS.—I have been told that the deeper the water the larger the pearl. I don't know how that is, but I do know that from the greatest depths of sin the Lord Jesus Christ sometimes gathers up His brightest jewels. Paul was a persecutor, Bunyan was

a blasphemer, John Newton was a libertine, the Earl of Rochester was an infidel; and yet the grace of God went plunging down through the fathoms of their abomination, until it found them and brought them up to the light.

JEWELS OF GOD'S GRACE.—The geologist tells you that the brightest diamond is only crystallized carbon, or, as I might call it, charcoal glorified; and so it is with souls that were coal black in the defilements of sin—by the power of God's grace they are made God's jewels for ever.

DON'T WORRY.—Don't worry because God made you different from others. Don't worry because you don't have the faith of that man, or the praying qualities of this, or the singing qualities of another. It were as unwise as for a carnelian to blush deeper because it is not a diamond, or a japonica to fret all the colour out of its cheek because it is not a rose. God intended you to be different.

THE BIBLE IN THE LAST HOUR.—In that last hour take from me my pillow, take away all soothing draughts, take away the faces of family and kindred, take away every helping hand and every consoling voice; alone let me die on the mountain on a bed of rock, covered only by a sheet of embroidered frost, under the slap of the night-wind, and breathing out my life on the bosom of the wild, wintry blast, rather than in that last hour take from me my Bible.

THE TWO BROTHERS AND THEIR BIBLE.—I can think of only one right way in which the Bible may be divided. A minister went into a house, and saw a Bible on the stand, and said, "What a pity that this Bible should be so torn! You do not seem to take much care of it: half the leaves are gone." Said the man, "This was my mother's Bible, and my brother John wanted it, and I wanted it, and we could not agree about the matter, and so

we each took a half. My half has been blessed to my soul, and his half has been blessed to his soul." That is the only way that I can think of in which the Word of God may be rightfully cut.

THE LIGHT OF NATURE NOT SUFFICIENT. —Men strike their knife through this Book because they say that *the light of nature is sufficient.* Indeed! Have the fire-worshippers of India, cutting themselves with lancets until the blood spurts at every [illegible]re, found the light of nature sufficient? Has the Bornesian cannibal, gnawing the roasted flesh from human bones, found the light of nature sufficient? Has the Chinese woman, with her foot cramped and deformed into a cow's hoof, found the light of nature sufficient? Could the ancients see heaven from the heights of Ida or Olympus? No! I call upon the pagodas of superstition, the Brahminic tortures, the infanticide of the Ganges, the bloody wheels of the Jugger-

naut, to prove that the light of nature is *not* sufficient.

HE IS THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, a truth that is sad or glad, just according to the position you occupy—just as the castle is grand or terrible, according as you are inside or outside of it. If you are inside of it, it is your defence. If you are outside of it, it is your destruction.

THE BEAUTY OF GOD'S CARE FOR US.—More beautiful than any flower I ever saw are the hues of a bird's plumage. Did you ever examine it? The blackbird, floating like a flake of darkness through the sunlight; the meadow-lark, with head of fawn, and throat of velvet, and breast of gold; the red flamingo flying over the Southern swamps, like sparks from the forge of the setting sun; the pelican white and black — morning and night tangled in its wings—give but a very faint idea of the beauty that comes down over the soul when on it drop the feathers of the Almighty.

UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES.—What! will you not believe anything you cannot explain? Have you finger nails? You say, "Yes." Explain why, on the tip of your finger, there comes a nail. You cannot tell me. You believe in the law of gravitation: explain it, if you can. I can ask you a hundred questions about your eyes, about your ears, about your face, about your feet, that you cannot answer, and yet you find fault that I cannot answer all the questions you may ask about this Bible. I would not give a farthing for the Bible if I could understand everything in it. I should know that the heights and depths of God's truth were not very great if, with my poor, finite mind, I could reach everything.

HOW THE FARMER DISPOSED OF THE MYSTERY.—A plain farmer said to a sceptic, "The mysteries of the Bible do not bother me. I read the Bible as I eat fish. In eating fish, when I come across a bone, I do not try to

swallow it, but I lay it on one side. When, in reading the prophecies, I come across that which is inexplicable, I say, 'There is a bone,' and I lay it on one side. When I find something in a doctrine that staggers my reason, I say, 'That is a bone,' and I lay it on one side." Alas! that men should choke themselves to death with bones of mystery, when there is so much meat in this Bible on which the soul may get strong for eternity.

THIS BOOK TO-DAY IS FOREMOST. In philosophy, it is honoured above the works of Descartes, Bacon, Aristotle, and Plato. In history, it wins more respect than Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. In poetry, it outshines the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," the "Inferno," the "Divina Commedia," and "Paradise Lost."

YOU SHALL NOT ROB ME OF A SINGLE WORD, of a single verse, of a single chapter, of a single book of my Bible. When life, like an ocean,

billows up with trouble, and death comes, and our bark is sea-smitten, with halyards cracked and white sails flying in shreds, like a maniac's gray locks in the wind, then we shall want God's Word to steer us off the rocks, and shine like lighthouses through the dark channels of death, and with hands of light beckon our storm-tossed souls into the harbour.

THE BIBLE ABOVE ALL NATURE'S JOYS.—A star is beautiful, but it pours no light into the midnight of a sinful soul. The flower is sweet, but it exudes no balm for the heart's wound. All the odours that ever floated from royal conservatory or princely hanging-gardens, give not so much sweetness as is found in one waft from this Scripture mountain of myrrh and frankincense. All the waters that ever leaped in torrent, or foamed in cascade, or fell in summer shower, or hung in morning dew, give no such coolness to the fevered soul as the smallest drop that ever flashed

out from the showering fountains of this divine Book.

I SHALL TAKE ALL OF THE BIBLE OR NONE.—A man dies, having made a will. The people who expect a part of the inheritance assemble to hear the will read. The attorney reads it until he comes to a certain passage of the will, when one of the heirs cries out, "I reject that passage." The attorney reads on, and some one else says, "I reject that passage, while I accept all of the rest of the will." The heirs go before the surrogate, and the judge decides: "You must take this will as a whole, or not at all. You cannot break a part of it, and leave the rest intact." Now I say in regard to this Will of my Father, in respect to this last Will and Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, that if we break any part of the Will we break it all, and we lose our inheritance, and go beggared through eternity.

GOD'S INVITATION.—Why will the prodigal

chew the husks of the swine when the father's robe and ring and banquet are all ready? Why wander along the great Sahara of sin when all the gardens of God invite you to the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be orphan, houseless, and homeless for ever, when the Lord Almighty asks you to come into His family, and be His sons and His daughters for ever?

ALAS, FOR THOSE WHO REFUSE THE RESCUE! They will wither away and fail and die. They will be trodden under foot of life's calamities. Hugest burdens will overtake them. But to those who receive this grace, fountains will break out in the desert, brightest joy will spring up out of blackest misfortune, and the joy of the world to come will surge upon them long before they reach the portals of glory. From strength to strength, they shall pass up, one burden after another falling off, until disenthralled from the last in-

firmity, they shall mount upward, for ever free.

PUT YOUR BIBLE DOWN ON YOUR COUNTERS. When you seem to be losing ground, and loss treads upon the heels of loss, turn over the good Book and read what unfading riches God has in reserve for the righteous. When your business friends fail you and you are betrayed, turn over and read about the friendship of Him who sticketh closer than a brother. When looking over your ledger and your bank account and your list of uncancelled mortgages, do the best you can, and then turn to your Bible again and read the full-hearted promises in the text, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee."

GOD IS IN SYMPATHY WITH YOU. Don't you think He knows how heavy the hod of bricks is that the workman carried up the ladder on the wall? Don't you think He hears the ring of the pickaxe of the miner down in the gold

shaft? Don't you think He knows how hard the tempest strikes the sailor at mast-head? Don't you think He sees the factory girl amid flying spindles, and knows how her arms ache? Don't you think He sees the sewing-woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pence she gets for making one garment? Ay, ay; I tell you that louder than the roar of the wheels and the din of the great cities, the sigh of the over-tasked working men rises into the ear of God.

BE STEADFAST IN DUTY.—Budge not in the discharge of your duty though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you become the target for devils to shoot at. Don't think you will have to bear the burden of scorn alone. Was not Christ called a wine-bibber? Was He not called a blasphemer?

THE WINGS OF GOD ARE BROAD WINGS. They cover up all our wants, all our sorrows, all our sufferings. He puts one wing over our cradle,

and He puts the other over our grave. Yes, my dear friends, it is not a desert in which we are placed; it is a nest.

CHRIST WAS WONDERFUL IN HIS TEACHING. The people had been used to formalities and technicalities; Christ upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was this peculiarity about His preaching: the people knew what He meant. His illustrations were taken from the hen calling her chickens together; from salt; from candles; from fishing-tackle; from a hard creditor collaring a debtor. How few pulpits of this day would have allowed Him entrance! He would have been called undignified and familiar in His style of preaching. And yet the people went to hear Him. Those old Jewish rabbis might have preached on the side of Olivet fifty years and never got an audience.

THE HOMELINESS OF CHRIST'S PREACHING. —Suppose you that any woman who ever mixed

bread was ignorant of what He meant when He compared the kingdom of heaven with leaven or yeast? Suppose you that the sun-burned fishermen, with the fish scales upon their hands, were listless when He spoke of the kingdom of heaven as a net?

OTHERS TO TAKE THEIR PLACES.—Do not be disturbed as you see good and great men die. People worry when some important personage passes off the stage, and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the Church nor the State will suffer for it. There will be others to take their places. When God takes one man away, He has another right back of him.

WE DIE IN CONCERT. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand.

THE YOUNG TO TAKE OUR PLACES.—As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young

men and women crowd us a little. We shall have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted.

THE BLITHEST AND GAYEST.—I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

THE GRAVE THE GREAT CITY. — London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations —

Thebes and Tyre and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yet, City of *Silence*. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clash. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great City of Silence! Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates.

We Fall to Rise. — As the leaves fade and fall, only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice and sap and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again.

The Black Frost. — In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window, and say,

"There was a *black* frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after a while death comes. It is a *black* frost, and all is ended.

OH! WHAT WITHERING and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them, and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They hang their harps on the willow, and trudge away into everlasting captivity. They quit the presence of bird and bloom and wave, to go unbeckoned and unwelcomed. No funeral bell can toll one half the dolefulness of their condition.

CHRIST'S WONDERFUL MAGNETISM. — Hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill such as has never been excited by any other.

Napoleon had around him the memories of Austerlitz and Jena. but here was a man who had fought no battles, who wore no epaulettes, who brandished no sword. He is no titled man of the schools, for he never went to school. He had probably never seen a prince, or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in his company was his own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down amid camel drivers grooming the beasts of burden. I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage stands beside Him, and says, "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there, unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to

Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers: "I never graduated." Aha! the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! Yet no sooner does He set His foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH NOW, and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking Him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken-salad at eleven o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Some of the sickliest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily; and Robert Hall, who was often the subject of intense pain before entering the pulpit. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present, and let the future look out for

itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

A WASTE OF STRENGTH. — The habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong, because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. They who fight imaginary woes will come out of breath into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune.

BORROWING TROUBLE IS UNBELIEF. — The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it is unbelief. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances.

MAN'S WICKED DISCONTENT. — To slake man's thirst the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger, the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting

their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance.

How POORLY PREPARED for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune. If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to his children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father.

DON'T WATCH FOR EVIL.—You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his

line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water-serpents?

COURAGE, MY BROTHER! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills of tuition and board and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come.

MRS. CUNARD'S PRAYERS. — People ascribe the success of the Cunard line of steamers to business skill, and know not the fact that when that line of steamers first started, Mrs. Cunard, the wife of the proprietor, passed the whole of each day when a steamer sailed in prayer to God for its safety and the success of the line.

THE PULPIT A BARRIER. — There has been too great a distance between pulpit and pew — a great gulf fixed. The heart of the preacher and the heart of the hearer have not struck

each other in pulsation. The distance has been so great that our arms are not long enough. Nothing could be more preposterous than for a preacher to stand at an elevation of five or six feet, and behind a barricade four feet through, crying, "Give me thy hand!" Daniel Webster said that one of the best evidences of the divinity of our holy religion was the fact that it had lived, notwithstanding the clumsy architecture of the pulpit.

"COME!" "COME!" Ay, that is the most familiar word in the Bible! It seems to be a favourite word. The word "come" occurs six hundred and forty-two times in the Bible. It is—"Come to the supper;" "Come to the waters;" "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." Through all sorrows, through all trials, through all nights of darkness, through all calamities, through all temptations, it rings out—"Come! *Come!* COME!"

THE GOSPEL BELL.—I remember, when

I was a boy in the country, of being envious of the old sexton, who used to lay hold of the bell-rope and start the bell that shook the meeting-house, calling the people for miles around to prayer. The poorest man trudging along the turnpike-road knew that the bell called him, just as much as it called the rich farmer riding behind his prancing, capering span. And so this Gospel bell calls to palaces and to hunts, to robes and to rags, saying, "Whosoever will, let him come!"

WOE FOR THE UNREGENERATE!—I account it as infinite cowardice and hypocrisy for a man who believes in the Bible to hide from the people that there are appalling disasters coming to those who finally reject God. We can plaster the matter over; we can philosophize about it; we can explain it away; but the Bible states it, reiterates it, makes as plain as that two and two make four, that there is utter discomfiture for the finally unregenerate.

THE FALSE FLAG.—You know that a white flag along a rail track means safety, and that a red flag means danger. Now here is coming the Chicago express. Here is a bridge swept down by the freshet. A man goes out with a red flag to stop the approaching train. I go out with a white flag and wave it. The engineer takes my signal, and not that of the other man. The engine rushes on. In another moment a hundred and fifty souls are in eternity. Who is responsible? A man standing by my side says, "You are. What did you wave that white flag for?" In the great day of eternity it will be found who of us, standing in the pulpits, were the kindest and wisest flag-men. He will be responsible who lets men go on down toward death without giving the warning, waving the white flag of safety when he ought to have shaken the red flag of peril.

ALAS FOR THE RATIONALIST! My object is

not to argue the truthfulness of the Bible, but to make you, who believe in it, willing to be laughed at. Surrender nothing! Compromise nothing! Trim off nothing to please the sceptics. If you cannot stand the jeer of your business friends, you are not worthy to be one of Christ's disciples. You can afford to wait. The tide will turn; God's word will be vindicated; and though it may seem to be against the laws of nature and the rules of reason, to-morrow a measure of fine flour will be sold for a shekel; and then, as the people rush out of the gates to get the bread, alas for the rationalist!

BREAD.—Effort has been made to feed those spiritually dying with the poesies of rhetoric, and the sugar-plums of ritualism, and the confectionary of sentimentalism. Our theology has been sweetened and sweetened and sweetened, until it is as sweet as ipecacuanha, and as nauseating to the regenerated soul.

What the people need is *bread*—just as God mixes it — unsweetened, plain, homely, unpretending, yet life-sustaining bread. That you must have, oh, dying soul. Better the smallest crumb of this that ever fell from the master's table than everything the world can give you.

No Exceptions. — God makes no special regulation for the graduates of Harvard or Princeton. Rejecting the Bible, they will go down to be companions with the most abandoned wretches of the universe, and more miserable than they, because of the superior intelligence given. One rule for all—for great brain and little brain,—for high foreheaded Greek professor, and for flat-skulled Esquimaux. "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." By this announcement of God's Word I stand or fall.

"Whomsoever."—Word came to the super-

intendent of a Sabbath-school in New York that he was wanted in a garret in one of the lowest streets. He went there, and found a boy dying in the straw. He said, "Why have you sent for me?" The boy said, "I attended your Sunday-school." The superintendent asked, "Why do you look so happy?" The boy answered, "I heard you, one Sunday, say that whomsoever a fellow cometh to God, He will in no wise cast him out; and I believed it, and Christ has pardoned my sins; and I am on the way to heaven, and I want to bid you good-bye."

LOVE TO JESUS.—What fine flour was in that day to Samaria, Jesus Christ is to all who will take Him in. Dear Jesus! Loving Jesus! Faithful Jesus! No wonder the little child, having been told that her playmate was dying, asked to be lifted up to see her. They lifted her up, and she kissed her dying playmate, and said, "Clara, give my love to Jesus." If Christ

were fully known, the whole world would throw its arms around His neck.

THREE WISHES. — One of the old writers wished he could have seen three things: Rome in its prosperity, Paul preaching, Christ in the body. I have three wishes: First, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by His reedemed; Second, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by His redeemed; Third, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by His redeemed.

ARE YOU READY TO-DAY TO ACCEPT HIM? Instead of floundering about in darkness, trying this that and the other thing, now taking the gospel of Theodore Parker, and now the gospel of Darwin, and now the gospel of Herbert Spencer, and now the gospel of Comte, and now the gospel of Huxley, take the gospel of the two old people who had more religious peace and happiness in one hour than all these scientists have in a lifetime — the two old people who sat at either end of the table in

your childhood: I mean the old people by whose side you would like to be buried when your work is done. I place the religion of your father's house against the dreaming of all the universities in the world.

OUR RELIGION.—No elaborate thinking is necessary to understand our religion. You have only to put two ideas together: the one is the saddest idea in the universe, and the other the gladdest—*I am a sinner*, but *Jesus died to save me.*

HAS GOD BEEN HARD WITH THEE, that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has He stinted thy board? Has He covered thee with rags? Has He spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity?

BEWARE lest, because there are some things about this religion you cannot understand, you disbelieve, and the fate of the Samaritan

rationalist be yours! "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shall not eat thereof; and so it fell out unto him, for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died."

THE SIN OF BORROWING TROUBLE. — The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so He apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year. Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum-book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens.

GLOOMY CHRISTIANS. — Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jack-knife, hacking everything he comes

across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble.

BE THANKFUL.—It is high time you began to thank God for present blessing. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant, and bounding. Praise Him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise Him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock, and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love Him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank Him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY.—Go to-morrow

and write on your day-book, on your ledger, on your money-safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years.

NO RIGHT TO BE GLOOMY. — Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be driven away. A man whose sins are pardoned, and who is on the road to heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts." That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause, and your doubts will vanish. You say, "I have lost my property;" but I reply, "You have infinite treasures laid up in heaven." You say, "I am weak and sickly, and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness.

CHEERFULNESS.—As a little girl was eating,

the sun dashed upon her spoon, and she cried, "O mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine!" Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage! Cheerfulness: it makes the homeliest face handsome; it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups and rainbows and auroras. God made the grass black? No; that would be too sombre. God made the grass red? No; that would be too gaudy. God made the grass *green*, that by this parable all the world might be led to a subdued cheerfulness.

READ YOUR BIBLE IN THE SUNSHINE. Remember that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects the one affects the other. A historian records that by the sound of great laughter in Rome, Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in

the great outbursting joy of a Christian's soul that which can drive back any infernal besiegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul.

THE VULTURE IN THE SOUL. — There are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their soul. They prey upon the character and feelings of others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them. Some rival in trade or profession falls, and the vulture puts out its head. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.—An infidel was called to the bedside of his daughter. The daughter said: "Father, which shall I believe, you or mother? Mother took the religion of Christ, and died in its embrace. You say that religion is a humbug. Now I am going to die, and I am very much perplexed. Shall I believe you, or take the belief of my mother?" The father said, "Choose for yourself." She

said, "No; I am too weak to choose for myself; I want you to choose for me." "Well," said the father, after much hesitation and embarrassment, "Mary, I think you had better take the religion of your mother."

FALSE PRUDENCE.—We have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, Sloth, and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples to Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but He went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out for what you say to Felix;" but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther, and John Oldcastle, and Bunyan, and Wesley, and Knox. My opinion

is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to stand still.

OUR PERIL.—We are passing on, heedless of the most astounding considerations. In a moment the ground may break through and let you fall into the grave. The pulses of life, now so regularly drumming in the march, any moment may cry *Halt!* On a hair-hung bridge we walk over bottomless chasms.

IN A MOMENT the door of eternity may swing open, and invisible ushers conduct you in for reward, or for retribution. A crown of glory is being burnished for your brow, or bolts are being forged for your prison. Angels of light are making ready to shout over your deliverance, or fiends of darkness reaching up their skeleton hands to pull you down into ruin consummate.

THE ROCK OF AGES TURNS THE BALANCE.—Get in, ye righteous! "What, with all my sin?" No time to discuss the matter. The

bell of judgment is tolling. The balances are adjusted—get in you must. All your opportunities of being better and doing more good are placed on one side of the scales, and you get in on the other. You are too light to budge the balances in your favour. On your side are spread all the kind words you ever spoke, and all the Christian deeds you ever did. Too light yet! On your side are put all your prayers, all your repentance, all your faith. Too light yet! Come and get on this side—Paul, Luther, Baxter, Payson, and Doddridge—and help the Christian bear down the scale. Too light yet! Get on this side, all ye martyrs who went through fire and flood—Wickliffe, Ridley, and Latimer. Too light yet! Come, angels of God, and get on the scales, and see if ye cannot turn the balances in favour of the saints; for the judgment is ending, and let not the righteous be banished with the wicked. Too light yet! Place

on this side all the sceptres of light, and all the palm-branches of triumph, and all the thrones of glory. Too light yet! But at this point Jesus, the Son of God, steps up to the balances. He puts one scarred foot on the Christian's side of the scales, and they tremble and quiver from top to bottom. He puts both feet on, and down go the scales on the Christian's side with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven a-chiming! This Rock of Ages is heavier than any other weight. But, O Christian! you may not get off so easily. I place on the opposite scale all the sins that you ever committed, and all the envies, and hates, and inconsistencies of a lifetime, but altogether they do not budge the scales. Christ, on your side, has settled the balances for ever. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Go free! go free! Sins all pardoned, shackles all broken, prison doors all opened. Go free!

go free! Weighed in the balance, and *nothing* wanting!

THE GOSPEL CHIMES. — I tarried two or three days near the tower of Antwerp. Every fifteen minutes the bells of that tower chime —so sweetly, that it seems as if the angels of God flying past have alighted in the tower. But when the full hour comes, then the clock, with heavy tongue, strikes the hour, adding impressiveness and solemnity to the chime of bells. So this great Gospel tower chimes every fifteen minutes — nay, every moment. Tones of mercy. Tones of love. Tones of compassion. Tones of pardon. And occasionally, to let you know that the weights are running down, and that the time is going past, the heavy tongue of this bell comes down with an emphasis, saying, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation."

GRADUALLY WE PASS AWAY. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually—as the leaf!

"TO MAKE ROOM FOR OTHERS."—Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak

leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish.

THE PICTURE OF CHRIST.—In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents Him with face effeminate; sometimes with a face despotic. I have seen West's grand sketch of the rejection of Christ; I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by command of Tiberius Cæsar; and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool river of heaven.

YOUR ORTHODOXY WON'T SAVE YOU. Men have gone to hell with a catechism in each pocket. The forms of religion are only the scaffolding for putting up the spiritual house. Alas! if you have mistaken the scaffolding for the temple itself.

THE FORM OF GODLINESS. — "But I cross

myself ever so many times," you say. That will not save you. "But I give liberally to the poor." That will not save you. "But I read a chapter every night before I go to bed." That will not save you. "But I sit at the communion-table." That will not save you. "But my name is down on the Church book." That will not save you. "But I have been a professor of religion for thirty years." That will not save you. I place on your side of the balances all the edicts, all the religious counsels, all the communion-tables that were ever built, and on the opposite side of the balance I put this hundred-pound weight: "*Having the* FORM *of godliness, but denying the power thereof. From such turn away.*"

SCIENTIFIC PREACHING. — We spend three years in college studying ancient mythology, and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we cannot

do it according to Claude's "Sermonizing," or Blair's "Rhetoric," or Kame's "Criticism," we will let the world go to perditi[illegible] If we save nothing else, we will save C[illegible]de and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our fine cap and coat, and find our shining oars, and then we push out methodically and scientifically, while some plain shoresman, in rough fishing-smack and with broken oar-lock, goes out and gets the crew and passengers, and brings them ashore in safety. We throw down our delicate oars and say, "What a ridiculous thing to save men in that way! You ought to have done it scientifically and beautifully." "Ah!" says the shoresman, ".if those sufferers had waited until you got out your fine boat, they would have gone to the bottom."

NATURE, CHRIST'S SERVANT.—Nature is His

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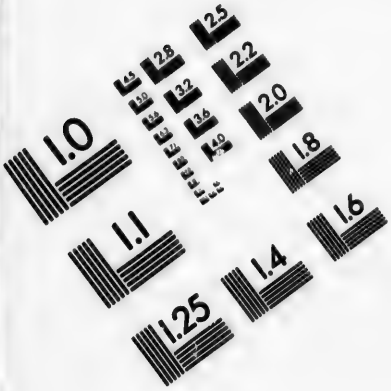

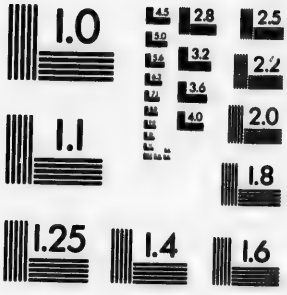

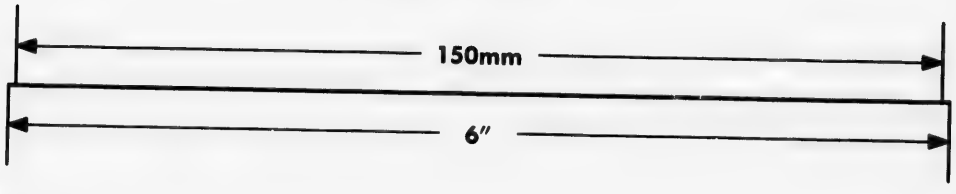

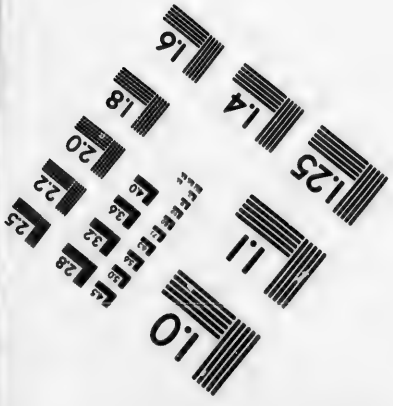

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servant. The flowers—He twisted them into His sermons; the winds—they were His lullaby when He slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over His birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at His death.

THE WORK. — The work of a religious teacher is to save men; and though every law of grammar should be snapped in the undertaking, and there be nothing but awkwardness and blundering in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul from death!

THE BEST WORK.—In your last hours there will be no work that will yield you such high satisfaction as that which you do for God.

EXPECTANCY OF REPULSE is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has uptorn many a fine business, and sent the man dodging among the note-shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often

invited all the long-beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

ICY CONVENTIONALITIES.—Oh! the conventionalities of the Church are imposing and beautiful, but it is the magnificence of ice. The world, in its want and agony, hangs on to them and cries out for help, but no rescue comes; and they drop off and die while this ceremonial frigidity stands between the mountain of the law and the mountain of the cross —an ecclesiastical Mer de Glace.

THE HEAVENLY PANORAMA.—When a panorama is to pass before an audience, the artist darkens the room in which they sit, so that the picture may be more fully seen; so God darkens our place on earth, puts out this light and that light and the other light, that then He may pass before our souls the splendours and glories of the better land. The darkness here augments the light there.

AWAY, ALL OF YOU DRONES! One half of our Churches are stuck in the mud because of three or four professors of religion who are dead, and whose carcasses are laid in the way of all good enterprises. My way is occasionally to preach a sermon so hot and heavy that they cannot stand it, and then they go out to bore somebody else.

LET GOD BE PRAISED FOR SUCH A GOSPEL.—Weary of sin, the World said to me—"You are not as bad as you might be:" but it was no comfort! Standing with both my feet in the wet gravel of the grave, Human Philosophy took my arm, and mumbled in my ear its inanities. But Religion spoke to me, and my sins perished like tow in the flame, and the grave became only the ploughed ground for an eternal harvest. World without end, let God be praised for such a Gospel! It is fit to live for; and if days of persecution should ever again come, shall we not be willing to die for it?

GOD DOES ANSWER PRAYER. You say, "I don't believe the Bible; I think that those things were merely coincidences which are often brought as answers to prayer." Do you say that? Was it mere happen-so that Elijah prayed for rain just as the rain was going to come anyhow? Did Daniel pray in the wild beasts' den just at the time when all the lions happened to have the lockjaw? Did Jesus pray at the grave of Lazarus just at the time when Lazarus was going to dress himself and come out anyhow? Did Jesus lose His place in His sermon, and make a mistake when He said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you"? And, "For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

PRAYER MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY MEANS. It is an outrage to ask God to do a thing

while we sit indolent. The prayer, to be acceptable, must come not only from the heart, but from the hands. Luther came to Melancthon's bedside and prayed for his recovery, and insisted, at the same time, that he should take some warm soup, the soup being just as important as the prayer.

THE INSTINCT OF PRAYER.—Prayer in certain circumstances is as natural to man as the throbbing in the pulse, as the respiration of the lungs. Put a company of men—I don't care how bad they are—in some imminent peril, and they will cry out, "God have mercy on us!"

YOUNG MEN WHO WERE PRAYED FOR.—In my parish in Philadelphia, one night at a meeting, I asked a young man to go into a room at the side of the church, and talk upon the theme of religion. He grew violently angry, and shook his fists at me. We resolved to pray for that young man, and we prayed

that he might yield his soul to God. And when, next night at the meeting, the side-door was flung open, he was the first to step in. Prayer captured him. I had a classmate in college whose uncle, Dr. John Scudder, of India, wrote to him, saying, "I will pray for you every day until such a day, and then I will give my attention to some other subject." The last day of these prayers, when they had all gathered up before the throne of God, my classmate surrendered his soul to Jesus. This is no second-hand story. I saw the letter, and I knew the young man.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.—I have had, in my own experience, and I have had, in the history of my own family, the evidence that God answers prayer. My mother, with three Christian women, assembled week after week, and prayed for their children: they kept up that prayer-meeting of four persons year after year. The world knew nothing of it. God answered

all those prayers. All the group came in; the eleven sons and daughters of my mother came in, myself the last.

A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.—Sickness came to my household — hopeless sickness, as it seemed to many. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the invalid was carried to the steamer for Savannah. At eleven o'clock the next day, being Sunday, standing in this very place, a man of God prayed for the recovery of the sick one. At that time, eleven o'clock, she who had been prostrated three weeks, with some help, walked up on deck. The occurrence is as near to being miraculous as I can imagine.

PRAYER IMPOTENT! If I dared to think there was no force in prayer, methinks God, after all He has done for me and mine, would strike me dead. Prayer impotent! Why, it is the mightiest force in the universe! Lightning has no speed, the Alpine avalanche has no power, compared with it!

WITNESSES TO PRAYER.—Will you let the abstractions and the vagaries of a few sceptics, or a good many sceptics, stand beside the experience of General Havelock, who came out in front of the English army, lifted his hat, and called upon the Lord Almighty? or of George Washington, who at Valley Forge was found upon his knees in prayer? or of William Wilberforce, who went from the British Parliament to the closet of devotion? or of Latimer, who stood with his hands on fire, in martyrdom, praying for his persecutors? Was Washington weak? Was Havelock weak? Was Wilberforce weak? Was Latimer weak? Bring all the affairs of your store, of your soul, of your body, of your friends, of your church, before Him, and the great day of eternity will show you that the best investments you ever made were your prayers; and though you may have broken promises you made to God, God never broke His promises to you.

A BLANK CHECK.—I have to present you some checks, blank checks, on the bank of heaven, written in blood, and signed by the hand wounded on the cross. It is not safe for you to give a blank check with your name to it. You do not know what might be written above. But here is a blank check which God says I can give to you; it is signed by the handwriting of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you can fill it up with anything you want to. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." I do not say that your prayer will be answered in just the way that you expect, but I do say that it will be answered in the best way.

PREACHING IN THE ABSTRACT.—I have heard persons say that ministers ought to deal with things in the abstract, and not be personal. What success would a hunter have if he went out to shoot deer in the abstract? What if a physician, called into your house, should treat

your ailments in the abstract? How long before the inflammation would heal, or the pain be assuaged? What folly to talk about sin in the abstract, when you and I have in our souls a malady that must be cured, or it will kill us, miserably and for ever!

GOD IS EVERY DAY ESTIMATING CHURCHES. He puts a great church into the scales. He puts the minister, and the choir, and the grand structure that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, on the same side. On the other side of the scales He puts the idea of spiritual life that the church ought to possess, or brotherly love, or faith, or sympathy for the poor. Up goes the grand meeting-house, with its minister and choir.

THE TEST OF THE CHURCH.—God says that a Church is of much worth only as it saves souls; and if, with all your magnificent machinery, you save but a handful of men

when you might save a multitude, He will spew you out of His mouth.

WHAT MINISTERS KNOW.—There are a great many people who now say of ministers, "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah! my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behaviour that will lead to destruction, as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction.

THREE LETTERS.—Ingenious little children sometimes tell you how, with a few letters, they can spell a very large word. With three letters I can spell *bereavement*. With three

letters I can spell *disappointment*. With three letters I can spell *suffering*. With three letters I can spell *death*. With three letters I can spell *perdition*. S-i-n — Sin. That is the cause of all our trouble now. That is the cause of our trouble for the future.

"My Theology."— Some theologians take four or five volumes in which to state their religious belief; I tell you all of my theology in one sentence: Jesus Christ—take Him, and live; refuse Him, and die.

Choose!— Sometimes a regiment will get in between the two opposing hosts and be cut to pieces by both sides. Will you stand half-way between the right side and the wrong side, and take the shot of both hosts, or will you come under our standard? You will finally wish you had, for we shall gain this war. As a recruiting officer of the great army of banners, I blow this blast: Choose this day whom ye will serve.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET. — This Gospel trumpet is great in its power. On a still night you may hear the call of a brazen trumpet two or three miles, but this is so mighty that it is not only heard from heaven to earth, but it is to arrest the attention of all nations. Men with physical hearing all gone, catch the first strain of it. Men buried half a century in crimes have heard it. It is the power of God unto salvation. Amidst the rush of a cavalry troop Saul heard it, braced himself in the stirrups, and reined in his charger on the road to Damascus. In a custom-house, amidst the chink of coin, and the shuffle of feet, and the dispute of merchants at the high tariffs, Matthew answered its mighty call. Men have put their fingers in their ears to keep out the sound, but have been compelled to hear it. At its blast, walls fall, and thrones upset, and nations leap from barbarism to civiliza-

tion. There is no force in the shock of musketry, or in the boom of cannonade, as compared with the pealing forth of this great Gospel trumpet.

ARRAYED AGAINST THY SINS, art thou ready to storm and trample them down? Fall into line! Sins of the heart, sins of the life, sins of the tongue, sins of thy youth, sins of maturity, sins of old age — one black, infernal army of transgression: they must go down under thee, or thou shalt go down under them.

DANGEROUS TEMPTATIONS. — There is no need of your trying to face certain temptations. You are foolhardy to try it. Your only safety is in flight. It is as fifty against five thousand. If you be given to appetite, escape the presence of decanter and demijohn. If you are given to pride, go not amidst things that flatter it. If your proclivity be toward uncleanness, like Job, make

a covenant with your eyes that you look not upon a maid.

THIS SABBATH HOUR seems to you like all other Sabbath hours; but to some of you it may be the most stupendous hour in all your life of twenty, forty, or sixty years, because now you may refuse your last call of mercy.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST has fewer trials, larger spiritual emoluments and rewards, brighter inducements, higher development, grander joys, than any other occupation in all the earth. Young men who hear me, if you enter the holy office with the right spirit, loving God and desiring usefulness, you will find this Christian work of the ministry always a satisfaction, often a joy, and sometimes a rapture.

THE BRIGHT SIDE. — To stand before a company of immortal men and women, importuning them to such belief and behaviour

as shall lead them to high happiness on earth and open for them the grandeurs of eternity; *that* is life for the body, *that* is inspiration for the mind, *that* is rapture for the soul.

BESETTING SINS. — Every man and woman has a lion to fight. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul.

OUR KING ENCOURAGING US. — On the erection of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and

in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat; but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard-of condescension! I see Him come down from the gallery into the arena, to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee!"

SATAN HAS GOT THOUSANDS OF MEN INTO TROUBLE, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods, or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal to spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they

let him go to the swine-pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new-comer.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS. — During my vacation, one summer, I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church, and sat at a love-feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopalian church, and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting."

DELIVERANCE IN THE LAST HOUR. — Death to many — nay, to all — is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is, it is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling

fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counselled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle; but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered.

HOW SHALL YOU LEARN TO PREACH? Just as the carpenter learns how to be a carpenter. Does he sit down and study books about tools, about hammers and axes? O no! He goes to boring with the bit, and smoothing with the plane, and smiting with the hammer, and striking with the adze; and in this way he gets to be a carpenter. So, the way to learn how to preach the Gospel is to preach it.

YONDER IS A MAN who ought to be preaching the Gospel. He has not been ordained, and never will be. He could not be, perhaps. It may be that he has not brains enough, or time enough, or money enough. But he is

ordained of God. Let him preach. Here is another. He may not, perhaps, be able to round his sentences, or make elegant allusions or fine quotations; and yet he may be able to save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES. — I believe in theological seminaries, but they are to the Church just what West Point is to the State. What would you have done in the last war if you had had no soldiers except those who had been at West Point? The men who came from that institution controlled and marshalled the troops all over the land. The use of a theological seminary in this or in any other country is to send out men more thoroughly drilled, who are able to organise and marshal the great mass of Christian soldiery. Have you been so long under the delusion, and are you now under the delusion, that the few men who are ministers of the Gospel are going to

take this world for Christ? That the ten or fifteen men who every year come out of New Brunswick Seminary, or the twenty or thirty that every year come out of Princeton, or Andover, or Yale, will do all the work? No! No! You might as well have expected a few quartermasters in the Northern army to conquer the Southern Confederacy.

PEOPLE WHO OUGHT NOT TO BE THERE.—"Oh!" but some say, "they get some people in that ought not to be there." I suppose they do. I know that they do. But suppose that you went out to fish, and you swung the net around, and, when pulling it into the boat, you found that there were a few lamper-eels and snapping-turtles, while the great bulk of the draught that you had made were first-rate shad: would you throw everything overboard? No, you would not. You would throw the bad away, and you would keep the good. And yet I hear men talking as

though, because there were some coming into the Church of God during revivals who are not fit to be members, they would for this reason throw over the million of souls that have come in, who have been faithful to the last, and hundreds of thousands of whom are already before the throne of God, shouting the praises of Jesus Christ.

THE HISTORY OF HYMNS. — People have been trying to write the histories of the tunes and of the hymns. They cannot do it. The history of "Ariel," of "Colchester," of "Dundee," of "Duke-street," of "Coronation" —why it would be the history of the Church of God, with all its joys, and sorrows, and triumphs! They have been the rounds of the ladder on which souls have mounted into heaven. They have been the chariots that halted not until they stopped at the gate of the eternal King!

THE WELCOME SONG.—Among the moun-

tains of Switzerland they have a very beautiful custom. At eventide, when the fathers and the brothers and the sons are coming home from the fields, having completed the day's work, the wives and mothers and daughters come out upon the opposite hill, and hail them with song; and the women sing on one hill-top, and the men sing on the other hill-top, responding to each other. Oh! may God grant that when the eventime of our life has come, we may hear such a song greeting us into the better country.

I AM IN NO HASTE TO BE GONE. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go, I want to be ready — my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me.

If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward.

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT HAPPINESS?—We are told that heaven is a place of happiness, but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions.

WORK FOR EACH DENOMINATION.—The reconstruction of this world for Christ is to be at the hand of all denominations of Christians, each one doing its particular work. It is the business of the Arminians to stir the blaze. It is the business of the Calvinists to hammer the rivets. It is the business of the Episcopalians to make the exquisite case. It is the business of the Baptists to wash off the works

— until, after awhile, this world, which was disordered, will become a perfect time-piece, ticking away the minutes and hours of one long day of millennial brightness and joy.

THE LESSER JEWELS AROUND THE GREATER. — If a lapidary has an especial gem whose colour he wishes especially to set forth, he takes the minor gems — those of less value and beauty—garnets, rubies, and so on—and sets them around the great central wealth of beauty. And so it will be on the last day. Christ surrounded by the redeemed — the lesser jewels of earth surrounding the Pearl, the Pearl of great price.

SIN MAY OPEN bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

I AM JUST SETTING FORTH A FACT, which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the Apostle. The Apostle says: "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes. It was a lie. Dead! as quick

as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie; and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise Him and defy Him. They come suddenly.

THE FULCRUM AND THE LEVER. — Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

CHRIST IS STRENGTH. — The dark cloud may hover over us, but the cross of Christ will be the lightning-rod that will take the bolt out of it. You have seen people invalids, and after awhile, under some tremendous stroke of disease, their entire temperament seemed to be changed, and they came out of that sudden sickness strong men. So it is with many of those who are going along

invalids in the Christian life — very weak in the service of God. After they have passed through some great disaster, that disaster having been sanctified to their souls, they become strong men in Christ Jesus.

CRYSTALLISED TEARS.—Nearly all of God's jewels are crystallised tears. You ask me, "Why is it that yonder man does not have trouble — he gets along without any misfortunes?" For the same reason that the lapidary does not put the delicate instrument upon a common pebble. It does seem as if God thought some men were not worth a process of tribulation. The Dutch call diamonds that are not fit to be cloven, *divel-steene*—that is, devil stones.

THE TEST OF GOD'S JEWEL. — There is a way in which the lapidary tells whether a diamond is genuine or not. He breathes on it, and if the breath linger there, it is a false diamond; if the breath immediately vanish,

it is a real diamond. Then he has the grinding process afterward, if the first fail. So you can tell God's jewel. If the breath of temptation comes on it, and soon vanishes, it is a real diamond; if that breath lingers, and continues to blur it, it is a false diamond. But better than all is the grinding machine of affliction. If a soul can go through that and keep bright, it is one of God's jewels.

ENDURING BRIGHTNESS. — Egyptian topaz, brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, shows the same inextinguishable colour to-day, after it has been buried hundreds and hundreds of years. And so God's children come up out of the ruins of misfortune and disaster as bright as when they went down.

I AM NO ALARMIST. When, on the twentieth of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the north-east, you prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming,

you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower; and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity.

THE DOOR INTO THE MERCY OF GOD is a large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, and by thousands, and by millions. Yea, all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

THE DIVINE BANQUET.—If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues one or two hundred invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God our Father makes a banquet, and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out His hands over land and sea, and, with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Greenland ice-castle, and the Brazilian grove, and

English factory, and American home, cries out, "Come! for all things are now ready!"

THE FEAR OF DERISION. — There are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision. The young man asks himself, "What would they say at the store to-morrow morning if I should become a Christian?" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity will they bail you out? Ah! they can keep you out of heaven; but can they keep you out of hell?

DRAW YOUR CHILDREN TO CHRIST. — "Come thou, and all thy house." That means your wife and your children. You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark, he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron

rules about Sabbaths, and they force the catechism down the throat, as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The Cross was lifted, not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me." As the sun draws up the drops of morning dew, so the Sun of Righteousness exhales the tears of repentance.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship, "outward-bound" for heaven but your companion is unsheltered!

SEE TO IT.—Pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in

heaven. Oh! by the quiet bliss of your earthly home; by the babe's cradle; by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark.

NOT BY FRETTING. — Come in, and bring your wife or your husband with you — not by fretting about religion, or ding-donging them about religion, but by a consistent life, and by a compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your bedroom.

YE WHO HAVE TAUGHT YOUR CHILDREN HOW TO LIVE, have you also taught them how to die? Life here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furlongs this side the grave as it is the unending leagues beyond. Go home to-night and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind, God will take what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark.

BRING THE CHILDREN, TOO.—You are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors and windings and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? "Oh!" you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an education, and I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? How to get them in? Go in yourself! If Noah had stayed out, do you not suppose that his sons —Shem, Ham, and Japhet—would have stayed out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject Him.

IS THERE ONE SON whom you have given

up? Is he so dissipated that you have stopped counselling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give thee up? While thou hast a single articulation of speech left, cease not to pray for the return of that prodigal. Give him up? Never give him up! Has God promised to hear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too late.

WOULD NOT IT BE PLEASANT to spend eternity with our families! Gladder than Christmas or Thanksgiving festival will be the reunion, if we get all our family into the ark. Which of them can we spare out of heaven?

A WHISPERING-GALLERY. — In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering-gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So, every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth, and makes heaven a whispering-gallery.

HOWEVER MANY CHILDREN we may have, we have none to give up. Which of our families can we afford to spare out of heaven? Will it be the oldest? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick some time ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? No! No! We must have them all in. Let us take the children's hands, and start now. Leave not one behind! Come, father! Come, mother! Come, son! Come, daughter! Come, brother! Come, sister! Only one step, and we are in. Christ, the door, swings out to admit us; and it is not the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

READ IT AS IT IS.—When God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolish-

ness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like, or the people choose. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ, and be saved!" I might talk to you of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it.

JESUS NEVER FLATTERED those to whom He preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in His sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man"? No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was

unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us.

THERE IS A GREAT DIFFERENCE between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there, and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said. But you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror.

THE STRUGGLES OF GOOD MEN. — God allows good people sometimes to get into terrible struggles. Jacob was a good man; but he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild-beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Pat-

mos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catharine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, the pistol-shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh M'Kail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumb-screws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

THE BANQUET OF SIN.—Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting-hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all nations. It has gathered

from all music. It has strewn, from its wealth, the tables, and floors, and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up, and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet.

WRESTLING WITH THE GIANT HABIT.—From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolution, they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit. But that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted the soul from its standing, and, with a force borrowed from the pit, hurled it into outer darkness. But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such

a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into the combat. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

TRIALS FOR PREPARATION.—When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it.

USE OF TRIALS.—Many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history, and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment, and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD IT THEIR OWN WAY.—Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless, and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire.

THE MARK OF THE CONFLICT.—You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet

their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble-touched. We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

GOD WILL CLEAR IT ALL UP. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem.

THE HALLELUJAH OF HEAVEN.—You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod-carriers will sing it, those who were once the off-scouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's

weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies.

THE MULTITUDES OF THE SAVED.—Infidels say, "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority.

OUR CHURCHES NEED TO UNLIMBER. We are putting too much stress upon questions of taste. We are depending too much upon non-essentials. In some churches we act as

though we had rather hear a Pharisee pray than a publican, because his grammar is better. Now, my friends, the saving of this world is rough work, and men cannot do it in a splendid way.

A MAN IN THE DITCH. — Here is a man fallen down into the ditch of sin and crime. How are we going to get him out? We come up elegantly apparelled, and we look at him, and we say, "What a pity it is to see a man so deep in the mud! We wish we could get him out. Is it not awful to see that man suffering there? Get a lever, somebody, and help now! I wish I had on my other clothes!" While we stand there, looking at the poor man, the Methodist comes along, and says, "Brother, give me your hand," pulls him up, and sets him on the Rock of Ages.

LAY HOLD OF THE WORK.—It is high time that we stopped trying to be so poetic about our religion. There is no poetry in saving

this world. Sin is filth; Satan is an arch-villain; death is rottenness; and if you are going to try to help to save this world, you had better lay hold of the work, forgetting everything but the judgment-day. Ah, my friends, it is high time that we stopped putting so much stress on little things, and standing on proprieties. If we cannot save the world in the one way, then let us save it in another.

BULLETS, NOT RAISINS.—When the Scotch Covenanters were at one time in battle, their ammunition gave out, and they were waiting for bullets. They expected a barrel of bullets. A barrel came down, but it was the wrong one, sent by mistake. It was a barrel of raisins. They knocked out the head of the barrel, and sat down in defeat. Oh! sirs, in the Church of God at this day, we want less confectionery and more of the strength and the thrust and the power of the omnipotent Gospel.

BY STORM.—Now, my friends, if this world is ever to be saved for God, it will not be taken by siege. It will be taken by storm. All the time that we have been delaying in this matter the forces of darkness have been strengthening.

DYING OF GREAT SERMONS. — I think that our churches are dying of great sermons and splendid rhetoric.

THE GLADDEST, BRIGHTEST, HAPPIEST thing in all the universe is the Christian religion. There is so much trouble in the world; business men have so many anxieties; toiling men have so many fatigues; orphans have so many desolations — for God's sake, if there be any bright place on earth, show it to them. Let the Church of Jesus Christ be the most cheerful spot on earth.

THE HAPPIEST CHRISTIANS are persons from sixty to eighty years of age. By that time people get over the shams and pretences of

society. O Christian! how dare you be gloomy? Is not God your Father? and Jesus Christ your Saviour? and life strewn with mercies? Do not glories await you? — doxologies of celestial worship, eternal chorals, tearless eyes, songs, and hosannas that clap their hands at the foot of the throne? Is it nothing to you that all the hills of heaven are radiant with the faces of those who are waiting to keep with you eternal holiday? Is there nothing in hearts that never ache, in splendours that never die?

How God Helps. — A man, on Saturday, in New York, stands in his store, and says, "How shall I meet these obligations? How can I endure this new disaster?" He goes home. Sabbath finds him in the house of God. Through the song, the sermon, and prayer, Jesus says to that man, "O man! I have watched thee; seen all thy struggles. It is enough: I will see thee through; I will stand

between thee and thy creditors. I will make up in heavenly treasures what you have lost in earthly treasures. Courage, man! courage! Angels of God, I command you to clear the track for that man; put your wings over his head; with your golden sceptres strike for his defence; throw around him all the defences of eternity!"

A POOR OLD WOMAN is in the church hearing the Gospel. Oh! how shrunken she is! She wears the same dress she wore five years ago. How faded and out of date! Her eyes are so dim; her ear so imperfect! Some one sitting next to her gives her a book and finds the place for her. She says, "Thank you, miss, thank you!" She holds the book close up to her eyes, and with a voice all full of tremors, sings. Jesus says, "Mother, are you weary?" And she says, "Yes, I am very tired." Jesus says, "Mother, are you poor?" And she says, "Yes, I am very poor. I cannot sew or knit

any more." Jesus says, "Would you like to rest?" She says, "Yes, Lord, that is what I want—rest." "Courage, mother," says Jesus, "I will see thee through." The next morning, some one dwelling on another floor comes to her room and knocks. No answer. The door is opened. She is dead! The night before, the chariots of God halted at that pillow of straw, and took her to rest.

A ROBUST RELIGION.—We keep our religion too much indoors; it ought to be climbing rocks, or hewing forests—a stalwart religion, a robust religion, a religion able to digest the strong meat of the Word, instead of being kept on the pap and gruel of spiritual invalidism. It is high time that we threw off the Sunday clothes of sickly sentimentality, and put on the work-day dress of an active, earnest Christianity.

CRY, COME!—A boy sees a fine house beautifully lighted up, and hears music, and he says,

"I wish I was in there, but I have not been invited." Here is the church lighted up with festivity and holy mirth, and the world passes outside, hears the music, and sometimes wishes it was inside, but says that it is not invited. Oh! invite the world to come in! Send a ticket of invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready."

TWO HUNDRED MEN were buried in the Hartley colliery of England. The Queen of England, from her throne, telegraphed, "Is there any hope for the men?" Answer: "No hope." Here is a whole race buried in sin, and darkness, and woe. The question that thrills up to the throne of God to-day is, "Is there any hope?" Answer comes back from the throne of God, thrilling through the world's darkness and woe, "Yes; hope for all!"

OUR CHURCH PRINCIPLES.—The father and the mother die (a case occurs to my mind); where shall the children go? No money to

pay. The trustees have said, as they have said in all other similar cases, "Keep the seat just as though father and mother were living. It is yours; it is yours always." A man largely prospered in business gave largely to this Tabernacle. Fortunes failed. Gives nothing. No ban put upon him. Just as welcome now as when he gave largely. We like the principle. We mean to stand by it.

A RICH KING.—France thought itself rich in palaces—"St. Cloud," "Tuileries," "Versailles," "Palais Royal," and the "Luxembourg." Our King has the Universe for His palace—the mountains its picture-gallery; the ocean its fountain; the sun its chandelier; the heavens its candelabra; illimitable forests its park; the glories of the sunrise and sunset, the tapestry about the windows; the storms, the lightning-hoofed coursers dashing up and down the heavens; all the glories of the land and sea and sky His wardrobe; all the flowers

His conservatory; all the fish His aquarium; all the birds His orchestra. But better than all, the hearts of His people on earth and in heaven are the palaces in which He delights to reign.

PROVIDENCE, OR FATE. — At the door of the grave lies a whole sheaf of sceptres. Death sits in the palace of the sepulchre, and the potentates of earth are his cupbearers; and, as the old blind monarch staggers around his palace, ever and anon he trips on some new fallen coronet. They set up Charlemagne in his grave, and put a crown on his pulseless temples, and a sceptre in his lifeless hand; yet that could not bring back his kingdom. Our King is Immortal!

CHRIST'S ARMY AND NAVY. — Fighting on His side are the hurricanes — as in the breaking up of the Spanish armada; the volcanoes —as in the burial of infamous Herculaneum;

the fire—as when Sodom was burned; the rocks — as when they crashed their terrors about the crucifixion. The Psalmist counted His flaming artillery, as it came rushing down the sky, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elijah's servant saw in the mountains a cavalcade of flame.: the horses had necks of fire, and flaunting manes of fire, and eyes of fire, and nostrils of fire, and feet of fire; and were driven by reins of fire, and horsemen of fire. The cherubim, the seraphim, and the archangels are His.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY had a rule that, when riding out on horseback, any of his subjects might approach him, and state their wrongs and sufferings; and the people pressed so close up to the stirrups, that it was sometimes impossible for the Sultan to proceed. Going before other kings, we must have a court dress, but we can go to our King at any time, in any dress, and all at once. He

is a pardoning King! A condescending King! A merciful King!

THE CONTRAST. — If a man go into some financial operation by which he loses a hundred thousand dollars, and his estate drops out of his possession, and his failure upset the next man, and his the next and the next, until the whole land quails under the panic, the disaster is insignificant compared with the ruin of that man who loses his own soul, and by example takes down another and another, until heaven and earth and hell feel the effects of the eternal defalcation.

WORK OF COMFORT. — If it is not done speedily, it never will be done. Yonder is a heart breaking. Now is the time to say the healing word. Go next week with your balsam, and it will not touch the case. A man yonder came under your influence, and you might have captured him for God. You will never have another chance at him. To-

morrow another man will be under your influence. You will have but one opportunity of saving him. He will be lost unless you save him.

BETTER TOO EARLY THAN TOO LATE. — In the city of Basle, Switzerland, it was the custom to have all the clocks of the city an hour ahead of time, for the following reason. Once an enemy was moving upon the city, and their stratagem was to take the city at twelve o'clock; but the cathedral clock, by mistake, struck one instead of twelve, and so the enemy thought they were too late to carry out the stratagem, and gave up the assault, and the city was saved; and therefore it was arranged that for many years the clock struck one when it was twelve.

Now!—We meditate about how to save the world. Meanwhile, six millions of people will die this year. You might start the millennium next year; but it would do them no good.

What you do for them you will have to do within a twelvemonth—this month—this week —this day!

CONSEQUENCES OF DELAY.—Causes in court are adjourned, sometimes because the witnesses are not ready, or because the plaintiff is not ready, or because the defendant is not ready, and sometimes because the judge is not ready, until the bill of costs is ruinous—so there are men and women who have adjourned the cause of the soul's salvation from youth to middle life, from health to sickness, from prosperity to adversity, until death eternal will be the bill of costs to pay.

NOW OR NEVER. — There is a sea-flower called the "opelet," which spreads abroad its petals beautifully; but it is very poisonous; and the little fish that touches it struggles but a moment and then dies, and other petals of the same flower, floating in the water, wrap around the fish and pull it down into the

deadly bosom of the flower. That is what is the matter with some of you. Sin is an attractive flower, and it glows and waves beautifully before the soul; but no sooner do you touch it than you are poisoned, and must be swallowed up, unless we may sweep you away and sweep you up in this net of the Gospel.

BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.—There is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate divine truth. The ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's sure-footedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance.

GOD IN LITTLE AS WELL AS GREAT THINGS.—We see a Divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how

hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives. We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realise the Bible truth that He knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for thousands of Israelites in the desert, but not how He feeds hungry sparrows. We cannot understand how He encamps in the crystal palace of a dewdrop, or finds room to stand, without being crowded, between the alabaster pillars of a pond-lily. Cromwell, Alexander, Washington, were not, nor is an archangel more under Divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought that there must be a mist over the eyes of God because he favoured Cæsar. But there is no such mist.

GOD APPOINTS.—Hugh Miller says, "I will be a stone-mason." God says, "You will be a geologist." David goes out to tend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a

nation. Saul goes out to find his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of mighty dominion.

THREE CIRCLES OF FRIENDS: Those on the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him.

TWO THINGS you ought not to fret about: first, things which you can help; and second, things which you cannot help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first as last.

GOOD IN WITHHOLDING.—Your little child says, "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No; it is a sharp knife, and you will cut yourself." He says, "I must have it." "But you cannot have it," you reply. He gets angry, and says he will have it; but you say he shall not have it. Are you

not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats His children.

A CHRISTIAN DOWN IS UP.—In eternity, when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings. God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit. The wheat must be flailed; the quarry must be blasted; the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that single event, which you supposed stood alone, was a connecting link between two great chains—one chain reaching through eternity past, the other through eternity future — so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A MISSIONARY, coming from India, stopped at St. Helena. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment falling, instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was

it a surprise to God? Had He allowed His servant, after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial without any Divine meaning? No.

TALMAGE.—This summer I started for the Adirondacks, but landed in Liverpool. I studied law, and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I thought I should like to be in the East, and I went to the West. All the circumstances of my life, all my work, different from that which I expected.

JESUS IN OLD AGE. — It is dismal to get old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down-grade of life, and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across. When the sight loses its power, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of

the ear, we need the clear tones of the Divine voice. When the axe-men of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us, and we are left in solitude, we need the dove to sing in our branches.

WHO? — Jesus can beat back the monster. He can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. He can sharpen the battle-axe with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul to shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes, and put out the fire? When the night of the soul came on, and all the denizens of darkness came riding up on the wings of perdition — who gave strength to the soul and calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment?

TROUBLE IS AN APOTHECARY that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many heavy packs, and you must carry some of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet, but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break.

THE HAPPIEST HOUR. — With many, the evening is the happiest part of the day. You gather about the stand. You talk, and laugh, and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. Amidst all the toil of the day, that is the goal for which you run; and as you look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple.

WATER AN EMBLEM.—A gentleman walked

over one of the battle-fields on a hot summer night after a day of carnage. The cry of the wounded was absolutely unbearable. After giving all supply that he could, he put his fingers to his ears, for the cry all over the plain was from hundreds of dying men: "For God's sake give us water!" The Bible is all a-sparkle with fountains and wells, and rivers and oceans. They toss up their brightness from almost every chapter.

DEATH TO CHRISTIANS. — Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman.

HUMBLE ORIGINS. — They who have been the deliverers of literatures and nations have come from homes without affluence, and by the discipline of their own privations have

learned how to speak and fight for the ignorant and oppressed. Poetry and science and laws and constitutions and commerce were born, like Jesus, in a manger. Most of the great thoughts, which have seemed the axle-trees on which the centuries turned, had their start in obscure corners, and had Herods who tried to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and unjust prelates who condemned them, and rabbles that crucified them, till they burst out again in glorious resurrection.

THE FEELING OF CONSANGUINITY is constantly illustrated. A mine in England falls upon the workmen, and all nations feel the suffocation. Prince Albert dies, and Victoria has the sympathy of all Christendom. A plague falls upon London, and all the cities of the world weep at her agonies. An earthquake rocks down a Mexican city, and both hemispheres feel the shock. Famine stalks

through Ireland, and distant nations send their cargoes of bread.

THE FIRE AT SANTIAGO. — In 1863 a fire occurred in Santiago, Chili, that wrought worse damages than the Chicago fire, so far as the destruction of human life is considered. The Conception of the Virgin Mary was being celebrated in the Roman Catholic church at Santiago. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, and perhaps the most wonderful scene ever witnessed in any church was about to be evoked. The wealth, and pomp, and intellect of that Chilian capital poured into the cathedral, and knelt beside the poorest devotee with cross and beads. Images, statues, transparencies, swaying festoons, and twenty thousand lamps, among which swung costly gauze and delicate draperies, like mists staggering, sunstruck, up the mountain. A camphene lamp explodes, and the flame leaps from point to point, and in fifteen minutes

twenty-five hundred souls have passed up through the fire to meet their God. What of that? Why need we care about it? They were of a different nation and of a different religion. Ah! the groan of that dying multitude mounted the Cordilleras, and the sorrow came sobbing across the Caribbean, and all civilized nations felt a thrill of sympathy and an impulse to prayer.

LET EVERY MAN have just what he achieves. There ought to be an aristocracy—not one built upon the accidents of wealth or celebrated ancestry, but an aristocacy of industry and of large-hearted deeds. Meanwhile, let it be understood that sceptre and shovel are brothers.

CATHEDRAL MUST NOT look down upon sailors' Bethel. The whole Gospel tendency is to bring together what are called the higher and lower classes. Christ came from a throne to a manger to bridge the distance between

the two; and this idea of the nineteenth century, which would put the rich in churches by themselves, and the poor in churches by themselves, is an erroneous, unevangelical, heathenish, God-defying, and damning plan, which I shall war against to my dying-day.

THEY STEP BACK TOO FAR, AND FALL.—A painter, busy in making the fresco of a building, standing high up on the scaffolding, was entranced with his own work, and stepped back to admire it, and in his excitement forgot that he stood upon a high scaffolding, stepped back too far, and fell—his life dashed out, far beneath, on the marble. So men admire their worldly achievements, and in their enchantment step back to look, and step back too far, and fall—ruined for life and lost for eternity!

SELF-DENYING HEROISM.—How grand it is, amid the selfishness of the world, to find such generous deeds! The Moravian missionaries were told that they could not enter the

lazaretto where the lepers were dying unless they stayed there. "Then," they said, "we will go and stay there." They went in to nurse the sick, and perished. You have read the life of pure-hearted Elizabeth Fry, toiling among the degraded. But the full biographies of the world's martyrs will never be written: the firemen in all our cities who have rescued people from blazing buildings; the sailors who have helped the passengers off the wreck, themselves perishing; the nurses who have waited upon the sick in yellow-fever and cholera hospitals, and sunk down to death from exhaustion; the Christian men who, on the battle-field, have administered to the fallen amid rattling canister and bursting shell; the Christian women who have gone down through haunts of shame on errands of mercy, defended by no human arm, but looked after by that God who, with His lightnings, would have struck to hell any who dared to do them

harm! Christian heroism has ever been ready to face the fire, and swim the flood, and dare the storm, if good might be done. And in that day when men who sat in places of power shall go down to shame and contempt, these humble ones shall have their names written high on the pillars of heaven. Better than to have been commemorated in poetry or song will it be for them who hear the good cheer from Christ, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was sick, and ye visited me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

WHY MORE MEN ARE NOT SAVED. — It is infamous to try with human quackery to cure the cancer of the soul. The reason that more men are not saved is because we do not show their infinite need, their ruin—yea, the rottenness of the human heart. If I am very sick, and I call in a doctor, I do not want him to begin telling me that there is nothing special the matter with me, and that all that I need

is a little panada, or gruel, or catnip tea, when I want the most radical and thorough treatment, or in a week I am a dead man.

THERE IS A DEARTH in all denominations. Millions of dollars for ministers' salary; millions of dollars for choirs; millions of dollars for church buildings. Where is the return for the investment? You say that one soul saved is worth more than all that money. True enough; but be frank, and confess that, considering the great outlay, the religious advantage reaped has been insignificant. What is the matter? I think, in trying to adapt the Gospel to the age, men have crippled the Gospel. Starting with the idea that the people will not come to church if the old-fashioned doctrines of grace are presented, they have not sufficiently insisted upon the first theory of the Gospel, namely, the utter ruin and pollution of the natural heart.

SIN IS NO HALF-AND-HALF THING. The

human heart is not in a tolerable condition. The Bible in the most uncomplimentary manner says that we are poor and wretched, and blind and naked; and if God should send his Spirit upon us to-night, making revelation of our true state, how many quick-beating hearts! how many blanched cheeks!

THE INTRUDING CAMEL.—The Arabs have a fable that once a camel came to the door of a tent and thrust in his nose; not being resisted, he thrust in his feet; there being no hindrance, he came half way in; after a while he got all the way in. The Arab said to the camel, "This tent is too small for two." Then the camel said to the Arab, "If that be so, you had better leave." So sin comes into the heart farther and farther, until it takes full possession.

OH, HOW SIN has trampled and scarred your soul! It is a black, a horrible, a damning thing. It is not satisfied until it has pushed

the soul into an eternal prison-house, and slammed the door, and shoved the bolts, and turned the locks of an everlasting incarceration. A heart under such unclean sorcery, how it must appear to God's all-searching eye! He sees it through and through. The darkness cannot hide it. Years cannot erase it.

THE HEART IDOLATROUS. — Because we have here no Juggernauts, or Molochs, or Joss-houses, or heathen temples, do not conclude that there are no idols. From our very nature we must worship something. If we do not worship the God in heaven, we worship something on earth. This man worships pleasure; this one, applause; this one, money; this one, his family. That to which a man gives his supreme thought and affections is his idol. Like Dagon, how often it falls down, crushing its worshipper!

WE ARE INDICTED.—If we had any appreciation of our unclean and idolatrous nature,

could we be as unmoved as we are? Would that young man be whispering to his comrade? Would that woman be examining the style of her neighbour's hat, and criticising how poorly the colour of the ribbon suits the colour of her shawl? Would this merchant be thinking of how much he lost last week, and how much he probably will gain next week? No; this place would be like a court-house when a man is on trial for his life, and the jury rises to render the verdict. That is our position.

THE HEART'S CONFESSION. — A company of persons suspected of crime were brought before a judge. Only one of them was guilty, but how to find out which one was the question. The judge put his ear against the heart of each one and listened. When he came to the guilty one, he heard, in every thump of his heart, the acknowledgment of the crime. And so, although to-night all may

seem fair in our case, if we could listen at the door of our own hearts, every pulsation would confess, Guilty! Guilty!

TRIUMPHANT MARTYRS endured all things for Christ. They were sawn asunder, and hurled out of life. The eighteen thousand Scotch Covenanters who perished in one persecution; the great battalion of Scotch martyrs: Hugh M'Kail, and James Renwick, and John Knox, and others whose words are a battle-shout for the Church militant,—they went on weary feet through the glens of Scotland in times of persecution, and crawled up the crags on their hands and knees. Queen Mary thought that by sword and fire she had driven Protestants down, but she only drove them up. Here they pass: Hooper and Rogers, and Archbishop Cranmer, who got his courage back in time to save his soul; and Anne Askew, who, at twenty-five years of age, rather than forsake her God, submitted

first to the rack without a groan, and then went with bones so dislocated she must be carried on a chair to the stake, her last words, rising through flames, being a prayer for her murderers; and a cavalcade of men and women, whom God snatched up from the iron fingers of torture into eternal life! Those who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris, in Lyons, in Orleans, in Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and cried, "Kill! kill!" Tossed out of windows, manacled, torn, dragged and slain, until it seemed that the cause of God had perished, and the cannon of St. Angelo thundered the triumph of hell!—their gashed and bespattered bodies were thrown into the Seine, but their souls went up out of a nation's shriek into the light of God; and now they pass along the boulevards of heaven.

TRIUMPHANT PHILANTHROPISTS.—They went down into the battle-fields to take care of

the wounded; they plunged into the damp and moulded prisons, and pleaded before God and human governors in behalf of the incarcerated; they preached Christ among the besotted populations of the city; they carried Bibles and bread into the garrets of pain; but in the sweet river of death they washed off the filth and the loathsomeness of those to whom they had administered. There is John Howard, who circumnavigated the globe in visiting dungeons of darkness and lazarettos of pain! Moravian missionaries, who were told that they could not go on a Christian errand to a hospital where the plague was raging unless they would consent to never come out, yet deliberately making all arrangements, and going in to take care of the sick, and then lying down beside the dying themselves to die. Eliot, among savages, travelling on foot through the wilds, saying, "My feet are always wet, but I pull

off my boots and wring my stockings, and put them on again and go forward, trying to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" defying the savages who bade him stop preaching, or die, by saying to them, "I am about the work of the great God. Touch me if you dare!" The maid of Saragossa, the angel of the Spanish battle-fields. Elizabeth Fry, followed by those whom she showed the way from Newgate Prison to heaven. Grace Darling, of the strong oar and the sea-bird's wing, with which she once swooped to the drowning from the lighthouse in the Fern Islands. The good Samaritan, and a whole army of Christian workers and sufferers!

OUR KING AND THEIRS. — Henry VIII. brought Anne Boleyn to his palace. The River Thames was the scene of her triumphal entry. Fifty barges followed the Lord Mayor. Officials dressed in scarlet. Choirs chanting along the banks of the river. Flags adorned

with bells that rang as the breeze stirred them. Anne Boleyn, in cloth of gold and wearing a circlet of precious stones, stepped into the barge amidst the sound of trumpets and the shout of a kingdom. Then entering the street seated on a richly caparisoned palfry, that sometimes walked on cloth of gold and velvet, led between houses adorned with scarlet and crimson, and defended by guards in coats of beaten gold, and along by fountains that were made on that day to pour out Rhenish wine for the people, until she at last, kneeling in Westminster Abbey, took the crown. But alas for the career of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn! They lived in worldliness, and their splendid career went out in darkness. Not so with those whom our King shall call to the honours of heaven.

I HAVE TWO ALL-ABSORBING DESIRES: one, to get to heaven; the other, to take these people with me. It is no time for argument.

It is no time for philosophy. It is no time for poetry. While I stand here the audience vanishes from my vision, and it is the world's great trial-day, and the books are opened. O my Saviour! if I do not speak as I ought, what will become of me? If these people do not hear as they ought, what will become of them?

WHEN ELIZABETH FRY went into Newgate prison to redeem the abandoned, she was told to lay aside her purse and watch lest they be stolen, but refused, saying that confidence in the criminals would be one way of touching them. When Christ came to this world's sin he brought all the jewels of heavenly affection upon Him.

THAT LAST HOUR OF CHRIST was the focus to which the woes of time and of eternity converged. Heaven frowned from above. Hell rode up from beneath. I hear the click of the hoofs of the cavalry troop as they ride out

toward the fatal hill. I hear the buzz, and hum, and roar, and blasphemy of a great mob. They have cornered him at last! Put those women out of the way! It is no place for women! Do not let his mother see this! Take her away! This spectacle will kill her! Put out all the candles of the sky. The spears are sharp, and they plunge them. The heavens are burdened with woe, and they thunder. Unlifted darkness—save as a flash of lightning—reveals the eye of God peering through the gloom to see what they are doing with His well beloved Son. Methinks the thrones of heaven shiver at the deed. He has been hanging there five hours and fifty minutes. What next? Whom will the Omnipotent Sufferer first consume with His curse? Will He not take His right hand from the nail and hurl everlasting fury upon His crucifiers? Wait a moment. Listen! I am sure He will speak! Yes, He speaks: "Father, forgive them."

TAKE THE WHOLE BIBLE. I believe it as I do in my own existence. "Well, then, you cannot have read the arguments on the other side." Yes, I have; read them by the year; read every word that Tom Paine, or Parker, or Renan ever wrote on the subject, all to the last page of the last book; read them until it is only through the mercy of God that I did not kill my soul; read them until I found out that the land of scepticism is a desert, where the sands are red-hot coals, swept by the smothering simoom of all-consuming wretchedness; read them until I have found that there are two hells instead of one — the hell of scepticism and the hell spoken of in the Bible.

THERE IS A HELL. — Fifty-four passages in the Bible all positively assert that there is such a place, and as many more imply it. Suppose it probable—suppose there is some slight possibility that there may be such a

place? If there should be, and you have no preparation to escape it, what then?

HELL FELT ON EARTH.—A young woman, dying, said to her father, "Father, why did you not tell me there was a hell?" "Jenny, there is no such place. God is merciful. There will be no future suffering." She said, "I know better! I feel it now! I know there is such a place! My feet are slipping into it this moment! I am lost! Why did you not tell me there was such a place?" It is the awful, stupendous, consuming, incontrovertible fact of the Universe.

GOD NEVER PUTS A MAN IN PERDITION. He puts himself there. If you have a great fire on your farm in which you are consuming rubbish, and I deliberately rush into it and get burned, who is to blame? Myself. God has told us there is a place of burning. He makes for us every possibility of escaping it. If we deliberately dash in, who is responsible?

GREAT SALVATION. — Great in its Author, great in its humiliations, great in its sacrifices, great in its pardon, great in its final deliverance, great in its consummations—the question bursts, crackles, and thunders upon our ears: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

NO ESCAPE. — For the man who neglects salvation, there is no rescue. Everything will plead against him. The waters will hiss from the fountains, and say, "We told him of the living stream where he might wash all his sins away, but he would not come." The rocks will say, "We told him of a shelter and defence to which he might run." The sun in the sky will say, "We told him of the day-spring from on high; but he shut his eyes." The star will say, "I pointed to his only hope —the Jesus of Bethlehem." The Bible will say, "I called him by a thousand invitations, and warned him with a thousand alarms."

Calvary will say, "On my bloody branch I bore the fruit that might have fed his starving soul, but he would not pluck it." The angels will say, "We flew to him on errands of mercy, and would have charmed him into life, but he beat us back in our ministry. Escape he must not." The throne of judgment will say, "I have but two sentences—that to the friends of God, and that to his rejecters. Escape he must not." All the destroyed will say, "We neglected it no more than he. Why should he go free when we are banished?" Jesus will say, "I called to him for many years, but he turned his back on My tears and blood." Then God will speak, and with a voice that shall ring through the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of His universe say, "*Escape he shall not!*" May the Lord God Almighty, for Jesus' sake, avert such a catastrophe. Come to Jesus! Come now!

A WEDDING.—If the hard brow ever relaxes it is at the wedding. The nature, cold and unsympathetic, thaws out under the glow, and the tears start as we hear the bride's dress rustling down the stairs, and the company stands back, and we hear in the timid "I will" of the twain, the sound of a lifetime's hopes and joys and sorrows. We look steadily at them, but thrice at her to once at him, and say, "God bless her, how well she looks!" We cry at weddings, but not bitter tears; for when the heart is stirred, and smiles are insipid, and laughter is tame, the heart writes out its joy on the cheek in letters of crystal. Put on the ring! Let it ever be bright, and the round finger it encloses never be shrunken by sorrow.

A PRIZE was once offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won

the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle:

"The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed."

IF I DO MY BEST.—A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said, "Yes; you seem very poor." He said, "I am very poor." She said, "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face, and said, "Do you think God will let me starve, when I trust Him, and then do the best I can?"

IF YOU HAVE A MICROSCOPE, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you, O ye of little faith.

JESUS DOES NOT SHADOW our joys with His griefs. He might have said at the wedding

of Cana, "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to Himself, "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide My own griefs. I will kindle their joy."

OUR CHILDREN'S TROUBLES.—Those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of Greenwood, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came

to the wedding hiding his own grief and kindling the joys of others.

THE LIGHT WILL COME.—I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged, and portentous, but after a while the sun, with golden lever, heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the crimson-tinted sky, the water was all turned into wine.

RELIGION BRIGHTENS THE WORLD.—When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every garment a robe, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonising with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

HONESTY REWARDED.—In a Christian home in Poland, great poverty had come, and on the week-day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer, there was a tap on the window-pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden, and a farm.

"AGAIN I SAY, REJOICE."—There is not a joy denied God's children that is given to any people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. It is a proclamation from God of emancipation for the enslaved; and if a

man accepts the terms, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say, "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders"? No father would say that.

THE GREAT WEDDING. — There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out His hand, and the Church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the King, and the bridegroom will say to the bride, "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home!" And then He shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the

skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say, "That is Jesus the bridegroom! But the scar on His brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe!" and "That is the bride! the weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

WHEN THE NILE OVERFLOWS its banks, the people throw the seed on the water. As the water subsides, the seed strikes into the ground and comes up. Hence the allusion, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will come back after many days."

HAVELOCK went from victory to victory. If his army was to march at six o'clock, he would rise at four and spend two hours in prayer. Get out of that man's way who has

been on his knees before God! He is a thunder-bolt swung by the arm of the Lord omnipotent. The figure 0 stands for nothing; but put 1 beside it, and it becomes considerable. We are nothing. But when Christ stands beside us, it gives us infinite advantage. Whatever you want, ask for. Is it for the salvation of your son—or daughter? Implore it. Put their very name into your prayer; and that son or that daughter will begin to feel a shaking at the gates of the soul. Is it husband or wife you want saved? Cry to God, and you will kneel together at the same altar.

PRAYER IS THE CHALICE in which we fetch the water from the rock. It is the ladder on which we climb up to pick the grapes hanging over the wall of heaven. It is the fire that warms the frigid soul. It is the ship that carries away our wants, and comes back with a return cargo of Divine help. Archim-

edes said, if he could only find a fulcrum for his lever he could move the world. Ah! we have found it! Prayer is the lever. The Divine promise is the fulcrum. Pushing down on such a lever, we move not only earth, but also heaven.

THE CHANGE OF HEART.—It is no insignificant process, this change of heart. It is a change from black to white, from down to up, from the highway to hell to the highway to heaven—the whole nature made over again.

DO NOT WORSHIP YOUR FINE REPUTATION, or your wealthy store, or your large house, or your swift ship, but build up in your soul a temple of Christian character. Disasters cannot crush it, nor fire consume it, nor iconoclast deface its altars, nor time chisel down its walls. Yet politicians have worshipped their office, and merchants their business, and painters their pictures, and musicians their attainments, and architects their

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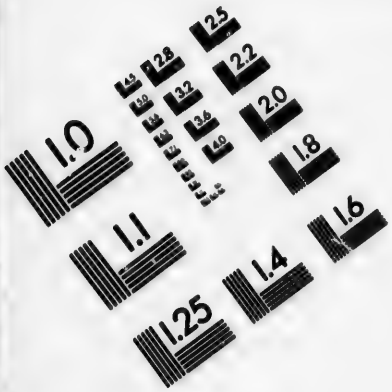

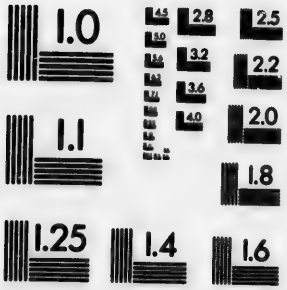

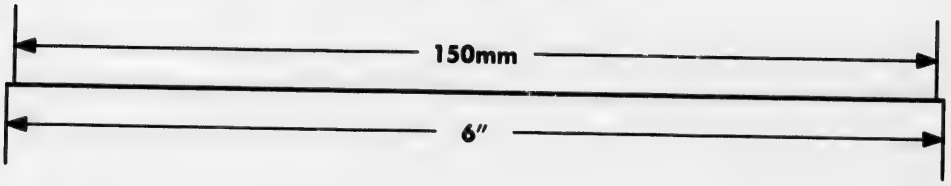

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buildings, and historians their books; and how often have they seen their works perish!

EXTINCTION OF WORLDLY GLORIES.—Audubon, after fifteen years of working in making sketches of birds, leaves the sketches in a trunk, goes off, comes back, and finds that the rats have devoured them. Isaac Newton's dog, "Spot," tore to pieces a manuscript that represented the work of a quarter of a lifetime. A worm has sunk the ship that was the pride of its builder. A child's hand has spoiled a painting intended to be immortal. A horse's hoof dashed out the brain of a most accomplished philosopher. The marble statue that came out, under the stroke of an ingenious sculptor, drops on the sidewalk and is broken by a careless drayman. Time will break down grandest arch, and stanchest pyramid, and mightiest city.

YOU WILL NOT TURN YOUR BACK ON SUFFERING. Your bed to-night will be softer if

you feel that you have provided some sufferer with a mattress to lie on. Your own food will be sweeter if you make provision for the hunger-struck. Your own children will seem brighter-faced if you provide stockings for the little bare feet.

No CONDEMNATION. — Does that old sin present its dun at the door of your soul! Can you not pay it? Does it threaten to carry you off to jail? Does it propose to sell you out? Better get together all your bonds and mortgages, and certificates of stocks, and United States securities. Come, let me count them! — not enough. Bring all the clever things you have ever done. Let me count them! — not enough. Bring all that you possess. You say, "I have brought everything!" Alas! that you cannot meet the obligation. You *must die!* "No! no! no!" says a voice from heaven. The blood of Jesus Christ, the royal blood, the human

blood, the expiatory blood, cleanseth from all sin. "What! is that old sin gone?" Yes, I heard it topple over and plash into the depths of the sea. It sinks like lead. There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.

CIRCUMSTANCES AGGRAVATE SINS. If a child does wrong, not wittingly, you excuse it; but when we do wrong, we know it. Every time a sin is committed, conscience tolls a funeral bell. We may laugh, and pretend not to hear it, but hear it we must. Our sins are against warnings and reproofs, and ibly aggravated.

BLOOD THAT WILL WASH THEM OUT. — Your common sense teaches you that the man who came to Christ, and heard the full expression of God's love, and then went away to betray the Lord, must drink the bitterest gall, and the thunders that at last drive him away will roll and crash with all the accu-

mulated wrath of God omnipotent; and yet to-night my text sweeps a circle of pardon around all these accumulated sins. Fire may not be able to burn them out; hoofs may not be able to trample them out; hammers may not be able to pound them out; but here is blood that will wash them out.

THE MORAL MAN.—You say, "These things are not appropriate to me, for I am a moral man." How about your thoughts? You see my right hand, and you see my left hand, and one just as plainly as the other. So with the sin of the heart and the sin of the life—one is just as plain in God's sight as the other. You have not been guilty of murder, you say. Are you sure about that? Have you ever hated anybody? You say you have never been guilty of theft. Are you sure about that? I acknowledge you have never taken anything from your fellow-man; but have you not taken days and hours that belonged to God for your

own purposes? If it is wrong to steal from a man, it is more wicked to rob God.

A VAST ESTATE.—Fold your arms, and you have with those folded arms covered an estate vaster than everything that can be represented of material treasure, for the reason that you cover the soul.

THE GOSPEL SICKLE.—A sermon on "Consider the Lilies" may be very beautiful, but it must have more than flowers in it to save the people. We might preach the natural sciences from our pulpits, but Agassiz could beat us at that. We might, Sabbath by Sabbath, present some philosophic essays, but Ralph Waldo Emerson could beat us at that. But he who by faith and prayer takes hold of the Gospel sickle, however weak his natural arm, shall see deep swaths of golden grain all ready for the angel sheaf-binders.

EVERYTHING DEPENDS upon our going down on our knees. The husbandman in the

grain-field, swinging the scythe, does not stand upright, but stoops to his work, and in order to readily bind the sheaf, puts his knee upon it. So in this Gospel harvest we cannot stand straight up in the pride of our rhetoric, and metaphysics, and erudition. We must stoop to our work. We must put our knee upon it, or the harvest will never be tossed into the garner of the Lord.

"GO INTO ALL THE WORLD."—We stand here two hours each Sabbath, and plead for the world's redemption. But there are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in every week. Can we expect the two hours we spend here on Sunday to overcome the one hundred and sixty-six remaining hours of the week? No! You need all to go to preaching in your stores, and in your offices, and in your shops. The command comes to all these business-men, as it came of old: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

SING IT.—We have to learn that one of the most powerful ways of preaching the Gospel is to sing it. No power can stand before Christian song. The time was when "Mear" and "Antioch," and "Windham" and "Dundee" stood with the strength of an archangel to marshal the troops of God; but for the last thirty years our churches have been going back in sacred music. We have been under a servitude to the artistic tastes of the world. In most of our churches, four persons are delegated to do this service. With a whip of scorpions let the nuisance be scourged from the house of God; and, since no one can repent for us, and no one can die for us, let us sing out our sorrow over sin, and our triumphs over the last enemy, and our anticipation of glory. When you can die for me, and open the gate of heaven to my departing soul, then I will let you do my singing. Oh! sing, ye who are bought by love Divine,

and who are on the way to grandeur immortal —sing! While I stand here and argue about the things of eternity, you may argue back; and you may be more skilful in your argument against religion than I am skilful in my argument for religion; but who could resist the holy influence when this audience, like the voice of many waters, lifted its unanimous song:—

"Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?"

WHAT DOES GOD DO WITH OUR PRAYERS? Take them up on the battlements of heaven and throw them away! No. What do you do with the presents given you by your friends? You keep them sacred. Will God be less regardful of that which we present to Him in prayer?

"THERE WAS SOME ONE PRAYING FOR US."—On the coast of Scotland, one stormy

night, a woman came to the house of her pastor, and said to the minister, "Rise, and pray for my husband, for he is on the sea in a storm." The Christian wife and her pastor knelt down and prayed for the salvation of the sea-captain. Sure enough, at that very hour the vessel was tossed upon the angry seas. The ship plunged into the wave, and it seemed as if it would never come up again; but it righted and came to the top of the wave. It plunged again, and for a long while the captain thought it would never rise; but it began to shake itself from the wave, and again bounded along the sea. The third time it went down, and all hands on board gave up the last hope. But again it mounted. As it came out of the foaming billows, the captain said to his crew, "Lads, surely there was some God's soul on the land praying for us to-night, or we should never have come up out of that."

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, O CHRISTIAN MEN? What are you waiting for? You will be dead very soon. I see Christian men and women going into glory. This soul goes up to the gate of heaven surrounded by a dozen souls whom he has brought with him. Yonder comes a tract distributor, followed by fifty souls. Yonder comes a Sabbath-school teacher, with ten souls following him into the kingdom. I see your soul coming up alone. Why do you come up alone? Have you not brought one soul to Christ? Have you lived thirty or forty years and done nothing? What will God say? What will the angels say? You had better crouch down in one corner of heaven and never show yourself.

I WILL TELL YOU WHO I AM. I am a sinner: saved, as I hope, by the infinite grace of God. For eighteen years of my life I offered up no believing prayer. From a Christian family altar I flew toward per-

dition. With my back to the cross, and my face toward death, I bounded away toward darkness and woe, and said, "Who is the Lord, that I should serve Him?"

"Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of His grace;
Too proud to seek a hiding-place."

But there came a memorable Sabbath night. I retired, thoughtless as ever. About one o'clock in the morning I awoke. Something said, "Are you prepared for eternity? You had better fly." I rose up in bed. I tried to strike a light. I could not get a light. I went downstairs, and asked of one who knew well how to tell me, "What must I do to be saved?" For days, and weeks, and months I wandered in darkness — too stubborn to submit, too hard-hearted to repent; but at last the day dawned, and at the torn and bleeding feet of the Son of God I put down the awful burden of my guilt.

HE CAME TO CALL SINNERS.—"But," says a man out yonder, "I am too bad to come. I am all astray. For thirty years I have been going down hill. I am scalded and blistered with sin. I have gone through the whole catalogue. I cannot come as I am. I must first get things set in order!" Ah! my friends, you will never get things set in order until you come to the Cross. You will get worse and worse. Not the righteous: sinners, Jesus came to call.

THOUGH YE BE WOUNDED in the head, and wounded in the heart, and wounded in the hands, and wounded in the feet, and have the gangrene of eternal death upon you, the Great Physician, with one drop of this elixir of eternal life, shall cure your soul. Though you be soaked with sinful indulgences, and your feet have gone in evil places, one touch of God's Almighty grace shall cleanse and deliver your soul.

GOD WITH YOU.—I do not say you will have no more struggles; but your struggles will be different. Now, when you fight against your evil habits, all the powers of darkness are against you, and you are alone, and you fight weaker and weaker until you fall, and they trample upon your soul; but in the other case you go into the battle with God on your side, and you shall fight stronger and stronger against your evil propensities, until you get the final victory. All hail to the man who fights with God on his side!

SCOFFERS CONVERTED. — In Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, a revival meeting was being held, and many souls were being saved, and among them a member of one of the worst club-houses in the city. The leader of the club-room went to the prayer-meeting to make a disturbance, and to get his old comrade to come out. Stopping at the door of the prayer-meeting, a song arrested

his attention, and he went in, and before the meeting closed knelt at the altar, asking for prayers; and he became a captive of heavenly grace. Another member of the same club, on another night, started with the same idea of disturbing and breaking up the meeting, and decoying away his old comrades who had been converted. But the grace of God also seized him at the door, and his soul was saved.

FAITH.—There is only one door into heaven: that door is *faith*. There is only one ship that sails for the skies: her name is *Faith*. There is only one weapon with which to contend with opposition; that is *faith*. Faith is the first step; faith the second step; faith the third step; faith the fourth step; faith the last step. We enter the road by faith; we contend against adversities by faith; we die by faith. Heaven is the reward of faith.

A WARNING.—With some here the voice

of God has been ineffective. Sermons innumerable; hymns and psalms innumerable; solemn providences innumerable; and yet they have trampled on all these influences, and are no nearer the kingdom now than they would have been had they lived in Ethiopia, and never seen a missionary. I fear they will be lost. They will appear at the last day with none to defend them. All the sermons will plead against them; all the Bibles will plead against them; all their religious advantages will plead against them. God will say, "Because I called, and ye refused, and stretched out My hand, and no man regarded Me, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." The door of mercy will not always stand open. It has begun to close. It moves faster and faster upon its hinges. It swings closer, and soon the announcement will be made that the door is shut!

THE BIBLE THE TRUE RULE.—I would that on the desk of every counting-room, and on the bench of every artisan, there were a Bible; and that by its instruction all business men were regulated, and that they would see that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come; and that business dishonour is a spiritual disaster; and that a man may be the leader of a Methodist class, or the trustee of a Baptist church, or an "example" in a Quaker meeting-house, or a vestryman in an Episcopal parish, or an elder in a Presbyterian church, and yet go to perdition.

THE WORLDLY PRUDENT.—Now you may, in worldly affairs, be cautious, true, honourable, and exemplary; but am I not right when I say that all those who are speeding toward eternity without preparation—flying with the years, and the months, and the weeks, and the days, and the moments, and the seconds,

toward an unalterable destiny, yet uncertain as to where they speed, are reckless drivers? What would you think of a stage-driver with six horses and twenty passengers, in the midnight, when it is so dark that you cannot see your hand before your face, dashing at full run over bridges and along by dangerous precipices? Such a man is prudent compared with one who, amidst the perils of this life, dashes on toward an unknown eternity.

WHICH ROAD? — If, in driving, you come to the forks of a road, and one goes to the right and the other to the left, you stop and make inquiry as to which road you ought to take. To-night you have come to the forks of a road. One leads to heaven and the other to hell. Which road will you take?

SEE THE END. — Young man, before you mount the chariot of sin, go and see the end of those reckless drivers. They once had as fair a cheek as you, and as manly a brow as

you, and as stout a heart. They stepped very gradually aside. They read French novels. They looked at bad pictures. They went into contaminating associations. Out of curiosity, and just to see for themselves, they entered the house of sin. They were caught in snares that had captured stronger men than they. Farewell now to all hope of return! Farewell to peace! Farewell to heaven!

BETTER STOP NOW. Some years ago, near Princeton, New Jersey, some young men were skating on a pond around an "air-hole," and the ice began to break in. Some of them stopped; but a young man said, "I am not afraid! Give us one round more!" He swung nearly round, when the ice broke, and not until next day was his lifeless body found. So men go on in sin. They are warned. They expect soon to stop. But they say, "Give us one round more!" They start, but with wild crash break through into bottomless

perdition. Do not risk it any longer. Stop now. God save us from the foolhardiness of the one round more!

COME AND GET YOUR SINS PARDONED. I do not ask you to come to a private confessional, or to whisper into my ears your offences, but, sitting where you are, to accept this moment the blood-cleansing.

THE WORLD'S DEADLY POWER. — When this world gets full power over a man, he might as well be dead. He is dead! When Sisera came into the house of Jael, she gave him something to drink, and got him asleep on the floor. Then she took a peg from the side of her tent, and a mallet, and drove the peg through the brain of Sisera into the floor. So the world feeds a man and flatters a man, and when it has him sound asleep, strikes his life out.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.—You have no right to shut the door of your office or store against

the principles of our holy religion. The minister of Christ does not do his whole duty who does not plainly and unmistakably bring the Gospel face to face with every style of business transaction.

SUNDAY RELIGION NO RELIGION. — Many a man sits in his pew on Sunday night, and sings "Rock of Ages," and rolls up his eyes very piously, who, on coming out at the close of the service, shuts the pew-door and says, "Good-bye, Religion; I will be back next Sunday!" A religion that does not work all the week, as well as on Sunday, is no religion at all.

THE OLD SCISSORS. — Yes, I am a pair of old scissors. I cut out many a profile of old-time faces, and the white dimity bed-curtains. I lay on the stand when your grandparents were courting—for that had to be done then as well as now—and it was the same story of chairs wide apart, and chairs coming nearer, and arm over

the back of the chair, and late hours, and four or five gettings up to go with the determination to stay, protracted interviews on the front steps, blushes and kisses. Your great grandmother, out of patience at the lateness of the hour, shouted over the banisters to your immediate grandmother, "Mary, come to bed!" Because the old people sit in the corner looking so very grave, do not suppose their eyes were never roguish, nor their lips ruby, nor their hair flaxen, nor their feet spry, nor that they always retired at half-past eight o'clock at night.

"CUTTING BEHIND" IN POLITICS.—A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out: "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud!

Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country 'cut behind!'"

THE BEST UNIVERSITY.—If a young man starts from a good, honest, industrious Christian mother, he graduates from a university better than that of Berlin or Edinburgh.

THE BEGINNINGS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.—Columbus was a weaver; Halley a soap-boiler; Arkwright a barber; Æsop a slave; the learned Bloomfield was a shoemaker; Hogarth was an engraver of pewter-plate; Sixtus the Fifth was a swine-herdsman; Homer was a beggar; and Horace Greeley started life in New-York with ten dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, as well off as if he had the eleven full round dollars. But there are a great many young men who are waiting for the other twenty-five cents before they begin.

A SHEAF FULLY RIPE.—An aged Christian man in Massachusetts recently died. Instead

of the flowers usually put upon the bier there was laid upon his coffin a sheaf of wheat fully ripe. Beautifully significant! Oh, that on the remains of this harvest year we might place, to-day, a sheaf of prayer, a sheaf of thanksgiving, a sheaf of joy fully ripe!

THE SIN OF OVERWORK.—God gives to every man a certain amount of work, and He does not want him to do any more than that. "Do thyself no harm," is advice no more appropriate to the jailer when the prison is tumbling around his ears than it is appropriate to those the wards of whose health and the fastnesses of whose strength begin to tremble with the earthquake. Paul was very careful of his body; long before the days of expressage, he sends hundreds of miles for his great-coat to Troas.

RESPONSIBILITY OF NEWSPAPER MEN.—It is a vast responsibility that rests upon people that set type or sit in editorial chairs. The

audience is so large, the influence is so great, the results are so eternal, that I believe, in the day of judgment, amid all the millions of men who will come up to render their account, the largest account will be rendered by newspaper men; and I will tell you why. Here is a paper that has, for instance, fifty thousand circulation. We will suppose that each of those papers is read by three men. There is an audience of one hundred and fifty thousand people. Now, suppose that, in one of the issues of that paper there be a grand truth forcibly put, how magnificent the opportunity! Suppose there be a wrong thing projected in that paper, who can estimate the undoing of that one issue? Oh! if there is any man who needs to be a Christian, it is an editor.

THE SHARP KNIFE of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and

rosemary, the sweeter they smell. The bloody muzzle of the Papacy hounded fifty million Protestants into glory. No pruning, no grapes; no grinding-mill, no flour; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown!

THE BRUISED REED.—The shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds. They were very easily bruised; but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one, he would snap the old one and throw it away, and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music has gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores.

HORACE GREELEY'S CHANCE.—I think the life of this man ought to kindle hope and enthusiasm in all the struggling. There are a great many young men who tell me that they have no chance. They say, "Yonder

is a young man who started with a large fortune, and here is a young man who married a fine estate, and here is another who has been through our best universities, and has finished his education in Edinburgh or Germany; but I have no education; I have no money; I have no chance." You have as good a chance as Horace Greeley, the boy. See him in Vermont, in home-spun dyed with butternut-bark, helping his father get a living for the family out of very poor soil. I tell you that one who has, with bare feet and in a tow shirt, helped a father to get out of poor soil a living for mother and sisters, has a right to publish fifty books concerning "what he knows about farming." See the lad stepping up from the Albany boat on the New York Battery, and then coming and sitting down on the steps of a printing-house, waiting for the boss to come in the morning. Then look at him

sitting in the foremost editorial chair of all the world, and then tell me again you have no chance.

A WORKING CAPITAL.—Every sound man starts life with a capital of at least one hundred thousand dollars—I say every man. You tell me to prove it. I will prove it. Your right arm—will you take five thousand dollars and have it cut off? No, you say. Then certainly it is worth five thousand dollars, and your left arm is worth as much, and your right foot as much, and your left foot as much. Twenty thousand dollars of capital to start with. Your mind—for how much would you go up and spend your life in Bloomingdale Asylum? Twenty thousand dollars for your intellect? You would refuse it. It is worth that, anyhow,—forty thousand dollars of equipment. Then you have an immortal soul; for how much would you sell it? For sixty thousand dollars? No,

you say, with indignation. Then certainly it is worth that much. And there are your one hundred thousand dollars—the magnificent outfit with which the Lord God Almighty started every one of you. And yet there are young men who are waiting for others to come and start them—to make them; waiting for institutions to make them; waiting for circumstances to make them. Fool! go and make yourself.

THANKSGIVING DAY. — Good, grand, old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day has come. Nothing could stop it. It pressed on down through the weeks and months, its way lighted by burning cities, or cleft by cavernous graves; now strewn with orange-blossoms and then with funeral weeds; amid instruments that piped "the quickstep" and drummed "the dead march." Through the gates of this morning it came, carrying on one shoulder a sheaf of wheat, and on the other a shock

of corn. Children in holiday dress hold up their hands to bless it, and old age goes out to bid it welcome, asking that it come in, and by the altars of God rest a while. Come in, O day, fragrant with a thousand memories, and borne down under the weight of innumerable mercies, and tell to our thankful hearts how great is the goodness of God.

"SAVED AS BY FIRE."—A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance: you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the life-boats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until

they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire."

BY THE SKIN OF THE TEETH. — A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they.

THE SPRING.—On this, the brightest week of the brightest month of all the year, I sit down to write that which I hope may be pleasant to read when red-armed Autumn smites his anvil, and through all the woods the sparks are flying, and it needs not a prophetic eye to see the mountains from base to tip-top filled with horses and chariots of fire. Indeed, June and October, if they could see each other, would soon be married. Not much difference between their ages; the one

fair, and the other ruddy; both beautiful to look upon, and typical; the one holding a bunch of flowers, and the other a basket of fruit. The south winds would harp at the nuptials, and against the uplifted chalices would dash the blood of strawberry and grape. To that marriage altar January would bring its cups of crystal, and April its strung beads of shower, and July its golden crown of wheat.

A POOR TIME.—It is always true that the last hours of a man's life are a poor time in which to prepare for eternity. It is either delirium or some trouble about property, or it is the magnitude of world-changing, or it is bidding good-bye to friends—making it a very poor hour to prepare for heaven. The fact is that if a man wants to get ready for eternity he must do it while he is well.

BE YE ALSO READY. Do not wait until you see the flambeau of the bridegroom coming through the darkness before you begin to trim

your lamps. You may wait for your last moment, but when your last moment comes, it will not wait for you. There are a great many doors through which you may get out of this world, but there is only one door into heaven.

USE YOUR POWER FOR GOOD. — I congratulate you newspaper men on the splendour of your opportunity, but I charge you before God, that you be careful to use your influence in the right direction. How grand will be the result in the last day for the man who has consecrated the printing-press to high and holy objects! God will say to such an one, "You broke off a million chains, you opened a million blind eyes, you gave resurrection to a million of the dead." But what shall become of those who have prostituted their press to blackmailing and the advocacy of that which is wrong, multiplying the numbers of their papers by pandering to the tastes of bad men and worse women, poisoning the air with

a plague that killed a nation? Why, God will say to such men in the last day, "You were destroying angels, smiting the first-born of man and beast; you made the world horribly worse, when you might have made it gloriously better. Go down and suffer with the millions you have damned. You knew your duty and you did it not."

KILKENNY CATS AT LAW.—Two men go to law about some insignificant thing. They retain counsel, enter complaints, subpœna witnesses, empanel juries, hear verdicts, make appeals, multiply costs. Adjournment after adjournment, vexation after vexation, business neglected, patience exhausted, years wasted, and on both sides the last dollar spent. The cats have interlocked their paws, clashed each other's teeth, opened each other's jaws, and gulped down each other's all! Extermination more complete than that of Kilkenny.

MINISTERS' SUNSHINE.—So much has been

written of the hardships of clergymen—small salaries, unreasonable churches, mean committees, and impudent parishioners, that parents seeking for their children's happiness are not wont to desire them to enter the sacred calling. Indeed, the story of empty bread-trays and cheerless parsonages has not half been told. But there is another side to the picture. Ministers' wives are not all vixens, nor their children scapegraces. Pastors do not always step on thorns and preach to empty benches. The parish sewing-society does not always roast their pastors over the slow fires of tittle-tattle. There is no inevitable connection between the Gospel and bronchitis. As far as we have observed, the brightest sunshine is ministers' sunshine.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.—Mountain-ash, and birch, and maple, which we saw soon after starting, cannot climb such steeps as these. Yes, we have come where spruce, and fir, and

white pine begin to faint by the way, and in every direction you see the stark remains of the trees which have been bitten to death by the sharp white teeth of the frost. Yet God does not forsake even the highest peaks. The majesty of forests may be denied them, but the brow of this stupendous death hath its wreath of alpine plants, and its catafalque is strewed with bluebells and anemones. After passing great reaches of desolation, you suddenly come upon a height garnished with a foam of white flowers dashed up from the sea of Divine beauty. There, where neither hoof nor wheel can be traced, you find the track of God's foot in the turf; and on the granite, great natural laws written on "tables of stone," hurled down and broken by the wrath of the tempest. Oh! how easy to see that the Divine care is here tending the white flocks of flowers which pick out their pasturage among the clefts.

CHILDREN GONE.—Some are from infancy light and happy—they romp, they fly. You can hear their swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning they wake you with their singing. Alas! if then they leave you, and you no more hear their swift feet in the hall, and their loud laughter ringing through the house, or in the woods bursting into a score of echoes; if they wake you no more in the morning with their sweet song; if the colour go out of the rose and its leaves fall; if angels for once grew jealous, and want what you cannot spare; if packed away in the trunk or drawer there be silent garments that once fluttered with youthful life, and by mistake you call some other child by the name of the one departed—ah me! ah me!

WE FIND WHAT WE LOOK FOR. — You will see in the world chiefly that for which you look. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches; and so a man going through the world will see the most of that for which he especially looks. He who is constantly watching for troubles will find them stretching off into gloomy wildernesses, while he who is watching for blessings will find them hither and thither extending in harvests of luxuriance.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG SIDE.—Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on

both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. My friends, do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning around, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister. Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion, being con-

stantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters!" and the suspected lungs resign their office, saying, "Hereafter blow your own bellows!" For the last twenty years he has been expecting every moment to faint. His nerves make insurrection, and rise up against his head, saying, "Come, let us seize upon this armoury!" His face is perpetually drawn, as though he either had a pain or expected one. You fear to accost him with, "How are you to-day?" for that would be the signal for a shower of complaints. He is always getting a lump on his side, an enlargement of the heart, or a curve in the spine. If some of these disorders did not actually come, he would be sick of disappointment. If you should find his memorandum-book, you would discover in it recipes, in elderly female handwriting, for the cure of all styles of diseases,

from softening of the brain in a man, down to the bots in a horse. His bedroom-shelf is an apothecary-infantum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of head-wash for diseased craniums, down to the smallest vial, full of the best preparations for the removing of corns from the feet.

THE VILLAGE. — A country village affords no retreat. There everybody knows everybody's business. You cannot raise half-a-dozen goslings without having them stoned for picking off your neighbour's gooseberries. Gossip wants no better heaven than a small village. Miss Glib stands at her gate three times a day talking with old Mrs. Chatterbox, and on rainy days, at the blacksmith's shop, the whole business of the village swims in a tank of tobacco-juice of the worst plug. Everybody knows whether this morning, out of the butcher's cart, you bought mutton or

calf's liver; and the mason's wife, at the risk of breaking her neck, rushes downstairs to exclaim, "Just think of it! Mrs. Stuckup has bought a sirloin steak, and she is no better than other people!" Your brass kettle is always borrowed. A bandbox was seen going from the millinery-shop to the house of a villager on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning a score of people are early at church, head half-turned toward the door, ready to watch the coming-in of the new purchase, handkerchief up to mouth, ready to burst out at what they pronounce a perfect fright of a bonnet. They always ask what you gave for a thing, and say you were cheated; had something of a better quality they could have let you have for half the money. We have at different times lived in a small village, and many of our best friends dwell there, but we give as our opinion that there are other places more favourable for a man's getting to heaven.

BE CHEERFUL.—Away! away with all forebodings as to the future! Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look up toward the heavens, insufferably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam and dance and song, making old Night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the wood-sparrow, and the chewink starting up from among the huckleberry-bushes. Go where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white pebbles. Go where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook, and, scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hark to the fluting of the winds and the long-metre psalm of the thunder! Look at the

Morning coming down the mountains, and Evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all this, and then be happy.

MORNING IN THE COUNTRY. — It is never real morning except in the country. In the city, in the early part of the day, there is a mixed colour that climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney, that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have real morning in the country. Morning! descending "from God out of heaven, like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments ago I looked out, and the army of night-shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon, that does not make me think, as it did Alexander Smith, of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the

disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Gennesareth. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree-branches, and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging-gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas plashed on the white tops of the spiræa. The honeysuckle on one side my porch challenges the sweet-brier on the other. The odours of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal

blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of colour. Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles, and my eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden these fiery splendours seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

THE QUIET COUNTRY AIR.—There is something in this country air to put one in blandest mood. Yesterday we allowed a snake to cross our path without any disposition on our part to kill it. We are at peace with all the world. We would not hurt a spider. We could take our bitterest foe and give him a camp-stool on the piazza. We would not blame him for not liking us if he liked our strawberries. We would walk with him arm-in-arm through water-melon-patch and peach-orchard. He should be persuaded that if we could not write good sermons and vivacious lectures, we can nevertheless raise great pump-

kins, and long orange-carrots, and drumhead-cabbages. We would take him in our carriage, going at consistent ministerial gait, as though on the way to Old School Presbytery, never racing with any one, if there were danger of our being beaten. We hereby proclaim peace for ever with any man who likes our hens. We fear we should have been tempted to sign Jeff Davis's bail-bond if he had praised our early scarlet radishes.

THE HOE HEALTHY. — A sharp hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. Daily swinging of the axe will tone up your nerves. Trampling down the hay as it is tossed into the mow will tread into forgetfulness your little perplexities. In the wake of the plough you may pick up strength with which to battle public

iniquity. Neighbours looking over the fence may think we are only weeding cantaloupes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

COUNTRY LIFE FOR MINISTERS. — Congregations would be advantaged by it if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm-life. Three weeks at a fashionable watering-place will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes, and the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours, and the high living, and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us out to physical work.

THROUGH THE HEART.—Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against sceptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who

reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation, or trial, or betrayal, you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlour. If I should come at you to-night with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke. But when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you

open it, and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

THE SWEET FLOWERS.—The aroma of the garden almost bewilders my senses. Flowers seem to me the dividing-line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the honeysuckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweet-william fall upon all the dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuschia in every working-man's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And above all, may there come upon us the blessing of Him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of

flowers! Between these leaves I press thee—O "Lily of the Valley!"

TO THE SCEPTIC.—Scepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you: if it be true, then which of us is safer?

LISTEN TO TWO OR THREE QUESTIONS: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now travelling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death?

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS INCONSISTENT PROFESSORS.—Let me ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who

profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law! You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples.

INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.—We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the Church. There are men standing in the front rank in the Churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the

communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion, than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

THE BIBLE THE BEST BOOK.—Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I

come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender for ever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

COME BACK.—I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshipped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the Cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

DEATH IN NIGHT-WORK.—Work is good, but too much work is death. Brethren of literary toil, you had better hold up. If you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, you had better stop and go no more than thirty. The temptations to over-work for

literary men are multiplying all the time in increased newspapers and magazines and lecturing platforms. The temptation to night-work is especially great—that kind of work which is most exhausting and ruinous. When the sun goes down, God puts His candle out, and says to the world, "My child, you had better go to sleep; I have put the candle out." The brass-headed nails of coffins are made out of gaslight! The money that a man makes by midnight toil he pays toward the expenses of his own funeral.

WITH BRIDLED PASSIONS.—Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church; but if you will

go downstairs, my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosions of temper. You need to bridle and saddle these hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There is no harm in getting red-hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.—A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulancy, that blurs, and unravels, and depletes the soul.

GOD WILL HELP YOU.—Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven —the multitude whom God has rescued from

the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the back of the wrong, and start anew, God will help you.

THE WEAKNESS OF HUMAN HELP! Men will sympathise for a while, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it, and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off for ever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time, He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

THE STRUGGLE WITH APPETITE.—If, with all the influences favourable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances,

he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor.

THE CAPSIZED BOAT.—The ship *Emma*, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea-gull, but was afterwards found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The

captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well-nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless to-night they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board.

CHRISTIAN HEROES. — In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, and Huss, and Ridley, were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall-street, Water-street, Pearl-street, Broad-street, State-street, and Third-street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock-jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no Inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

DO NOT LET SATAN, with cotton-bales, and kegs, and hogsheads, and counters, and stocks of unsaleable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing

look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven.

TRY THIS GOD, ye who have had the blood-hounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try Him, and see if He will not help. Try Him, and see if He will not pardon. Try Him, and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul.

THIS WORLD IS A POOR PORTION for your soul, oh, business man! An Eastern king had graven upon his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that."

ALL OF THIS WORLD'S RICHES make but a

small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying, a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

FIND YOUR PEACE IN GOD. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well-nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all

those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast.

GOD'S GOODNESS TO ANIMALS.—We shall enlarge our ideas of God's goodness if, before we come to look at the cup of our blessing, we look at the goodness of God to the irrational creation.

HAPPINESS OF THE ANIMAL CREATION.—I am surprised to find the almost universal happiness of the animal creation. On a summer day, when the air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress, unless perchance a heartless schoolboy has robbed a bird's nest, or a hunter has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb, and there goes up a bleating from the flocks. The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feathered, and scaled, and horned, and hoofed. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it;

the quail whistles it; the lark carols it; the whale spouts it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homely delights—joy as great to them as our joy is to us. Goat climbing rocks; anaconda crawling through the jungle; buffalo plunging across the broad prairie; crocodile basking in tropical sun; seal puffing on the ice; ostrich striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy. They do not go moping or melancholy; they are not only half supplied; God says they are filled with good.

GLAD NATURE. — The worm squirming through the sod upturned of ploughshare, and the ants racing up and down the hillock, are happy by day and happy by night. Take up a drop of water under the microscope, and you find that within it there are millions of creatures that swim in a hallelujah of gladness. The sounds in nature that are repulsive

to our ears are often only utterances of joy—the growl, the croak, the bark, the howl.

GOD'S PROVIDENT CARE FOR HIS CREATURES.—God's hand feeds all these broods, and shepherds all these flocks, and tends all these herds. He sweetens the clover-top for the oxen's taste; and pours out crystalline waters, in mossed cups of rock, for the hind to drink out of on his way down the crags; and pours nectar into the cup of the honey-suckle, to refresh the humming-bird; and spreads a banquet of a hundred fields of buckwheat, and lets the honey-bee put his mouth to any cup of all the banquet; and tells the grasshopper to go anywhere he likes; and gives the flocks of heaven the choice of all the grain-fields. The sea-anemone, half animal, half flower, clinging to the rock in mid-ocean, with its tentacles spread to catch its food, has the Owner of the universe to provide for it. We are repulsed at the hide-

ousness of the elephant, but God, for the comfort and convenience of the monster, puts forty thousand distinct muscles in its proboscis.

LIFE IN "WASTE PLACES."—I go down on the barren sea-shore and say, "No animal can live in this place of desolation;" but all through the sands are myriads of little insects that leap with happy life. I go down by the marsh and say, "In this damp place, and in these loathsome pools of stagnant water, there will be the quietness of death;" but, lo! I see the turtles on the rotten log sunning themselves, and hear the bogs quake with multitudinous life.

GOD, THE HELPER OF ALL BEINGS.—God shows the hungry ichneumon where it may find the crocodile's eggs; and in arctic climes there are animals that God so lavishly clothes that they can afford to walk through snow-storms in the finest sable and ermine and chinchilla, and no sooner is one set of furs

worn out than God gives them a new one. He helps the spider in the architecture of its gossamer bridge, and takes care of the colour of the butterfly's wing, and tinges the cochineal, and helps the moth out of the chrysalis. The animal creation also has its army and navy. The most insignificant has its means of defence: the wasp its sting; the reptile its tooth; the bear its paw; the dog its muzzle; the elephant its tusk; the fish its scale; the bird its swift wing; the reindeer its antlers; the roe its fleet foot. We are repelled at the thought of sting, and tusk, and hoof, but God's goodness provides them for the defence of the animal's rights.

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.—Amid the thunders of Sinai God uttered the rights of cattle, and said that they should have a Sabbath. "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy cattle." He declared with infinite emphasis that the ox on the threshing-floor should have

the privilege of eating some of the grain as he trod it out, and muzzling was forbidden. If young birds were taken from the nest for food, the despoiler's life depended on the mother going free. God would not let the mother-bird suffer in one day the loss of her young and her own liberty. And He who regarded in olden time the conduct of man toward the brutes, to-day looks down from heaven, and is interested in every minnow that swims the stream, and every rook that cleaves the air, and every herd that bleats, or neighs, or lows in the pasture.

"FULL OF THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD."—Why did God make all these, and why make them so happy? How account for all this singing, and dancing, and frisking amid the irrational creation? Why this heaven for the animalcule in a dew-drop? Why for the condor a throne on Chimborazo? Why the glitter of the phosphorus in the ship's

wake on the sea, which is said to be only the frolic of millions of insects? Why the perpetual chanting of so many voices from the irrational creation in earth and air and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph and archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—God is good. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

THE HUMAN BODY.—The Christian anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims, "Fearfully and wonderfully made!" No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no colour so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, no handiwork so Divine. So quietly and mysteriously does the human body perform its functions, that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered; and though anatomists of

all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it.

THE HAND.—Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids and reared the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. It reins in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

OUR WONDROUS PHYSICAL ORGANIZATION.—

Behold the eye, which, in its Daguerrean gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the body, with fourteen thousand different adaptations; these one hundred thousand glands; these two hundred million pores; this mysterious heart, contracting four thousand times every hour—two hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through it every sixty seconds; this chemical process of digestion; this laboratory, beyond the understanding of the most skilful philosophy; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave; this factory of life, whose wheels and spindles and bands are God-directed; this human voice, capable, as has been estimated, of producing seventeen trillions, five hundred and ninety-two billions, one hundred and eighty-six millions, forty-

four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds. If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization we should be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men here who have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

DR. TALMAGE'S LIFE-PURPOSE AND WORK. — I consecrate my life to the conversion of souls—by repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus. I will preach nothing else. I will work for nothing else. I shall take no food, no sleep, no recreation, except such as will make me stronger for this work. Every faculty of my mind I marshal for this assault, and every passion of my soul I enlist in the cause. I want to care nothing for the flowers of the field, save so far as I may twist them into a garland for my Lord; or for music,

save as it may lift me up into sympathy with high Gospel themes; or for friendship, save as it may give me a better opportunity of finding my way to the hearts of men.

MODEL EXHORTATION.—What meanest thou, O sleeper! Arise and call upon thy God. The judgment is coming. Eternity is coming. Your last hour for repentance is coming—nay, it may have already come. Why not listen, and live? The heart of the eternal God yearns for you. You have brought your money, now bring your heart. Celebrate our deliverance as a Church from financial embarrassment by having your soul's debt to Christ settled. God has been calling many a long day for your soul. When your child died, He called; when you were sick, He called. Through every bright day, and every dark night, and every harvest-home, and every spring morning, and every autumnal withering, He called, and called, and called. Hear Him.

Now forsake your sin. Fly for refuge. What is that I hear? Tramp! Tramp! It is the coming on of your eternal destiny. What you mean to do, do now. What crash is that I hear? It is the jarring shut of the door of mercy against a soul that may never be saved. The alarm-bell of the Gospel strikes. Fly! Fly while you may.

How David and other Shepherd Boys became Poets. — The Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who took his seat in the brilliant circle with Wilson and Lockhart, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks. David, the shepherd-boy, was beautiful, brave, musical, and poetic. I think often he forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp-string that is thrilling through all ages. David, the boy, was gathering the material for David the poet and David the man. David was fond of using his knife

among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree; and when he became a man he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David, the boy, had been fond of hunting the birds'-nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her; and when he became a man he said, "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunder-storm that frightened the red deer into premature sickness; and when he became a man he said, "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David, the boy, had lain upon his back, looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of Divine embroidery, the Divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars; and he became a man and wrote, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers."

When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years, and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills; and he cries out in the text, "The Lord is my shepherd."

CARELESSNESS IS RUIN.—When Moscow was burning a party was dancing in the palace over a gunpowder magazine. They knew not it was there. The flames came on, and Carnot said, "Let us have one dance more;" and they shouted all through the palace, "One dance more!" The music played, the feet bounded, the laughter rang. But suddenly, through the smoke and fire and thunder of the explosion, death and eternity broke in. Alas! if any of my readers keep on in the dance of worldliness and sin, heedless of the warning, until the terror of eternity explode upon their souls, and the

foundations give way, and they drop into the burning!

THE SMALLEST DEWDROP on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth.

CHRISTIAN STRATAGEM. — You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when, and in a way, they were not expected. It is in spiritual affairs as in military, that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and intrenched. For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election; all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty years, and you will not take it; but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections, and in five minutes you capture him. I never

knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. You never can capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially intrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily drawn. A little child four years old may touch that bolt, and it will spring back, and the door will swing open, and Christ will come in.

IF WE HAD HAD THE WRITING OF THE BIBLE, we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have thirty men to write a poem, or make a statue, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says, "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any im-

portant point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature, his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic, his Solomon; the warrior, his Joshua; the sailor, his Jonah; the loving, his John; the logician, his Paul. Instead of this Bible —instead of the Bible that the child can carry to school—instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is infinitely best.

YOUNG SOULS THE MOST VALUABLE. — A soul that comes early to Christ is worth more to itself and to the world than a soul that comes late to Christ, and not so much, perhaps, because it wants to serve God, as because it is afraid it will go to hell.

SOW SEED EARLY. — The world comes to

the child when it is in the April of life, and sows tares. The world comes along again when the child is in the May of life, and sows thistles. Again in the fair June it comes, and sows *nux-vomica*. The Church meanwhile folds its hands and waits until the April has gone, and May has gone, and June and July have gone, and then at the close of August gets in earnest and says: "Now, now, we have got a bag of good wheat here, and we must sow it in this fresh young soil, and we shall have a glorious harvest!" Will it? No, no! It is too late. Everlastingly too late! You should have sowed in April and in May the good seed of the Kingdom.

A PALACE FOR CHRIST.—For my Lord the King let us build an ivory palace. Let its steps be of Parian marble, and its floors of mosaic, and its walls tapestried from rarest loom, and the candlesticks of gold, and the cups impearled, and the couch have all the

softness of eagle's down and the splendours of sunset, and the air sweet with frankincense and music. Come in, my Lord the King! "Nay," says Christ, "I will not come into such a palace. My garments torn of the mountain and faded of the storm, my feet bedusted of the highway, my heart broken with the world's woes—I turn back from the gaieties of the palace. What do they want of a poor wayfarer there? I choose a different house and a different entertainment. A praying soul shall be the dwelling; the wine of repentance shall be the banquet. To that man will I look, even to him who is of an humble and contrite heart, and who trembleth at my word."

WHOSOEVER SLANDERS THE WORLD, SLANDERS GOD.—It is a grand world, a splendid world—so beautiful, that after the painter has done his best there is an autumnal colour that flies his touch, and there is a stag's antler that

he cannot reach. Grand old mountains! scarred with battle-gash of tempest, and forehead turbaned with folds of white cloud, and feet slippered in green grass diamonded with dew. Grand old seas! through which God rides in the chariot of His Omnipotence—the phosphorescence of the night dripping from the wheels, the shout of the storm but the halloo of the charioteers. But the world will die. The hills will stagger in death and fall into their graves. The pulses of the mountain-brook will cease to throb; the main artery of the river will stop. Over the bright eyes of the stars will come the film of the last hour, and the thunders heave the dying groan of the world.

THE WELL OF CHRISTIAN COMFORT.—There are a good many new ways of comforting. Your father dies. Your neighbour comes in, and he says, "It is only a natural law that your father should die. The machinery is nearly worn out;" and before he leaves you

he makes some other excellent remarks about the coagulation of blood, and the difference between respiratory and nitrogenized food. Your child dies, and your philosophic neighbour comes, and for your soothing tells you that it was impossible the child should live with such a state of mucous membrane! Out with your chemistry and physiology when I have trouble, and give me a plain New Testament! I would rather have an illiterate man from the backwoods who knows Christ talk with me when I am in trouble than the profoundest worldling who does not know Him. The Gospel, without telling you anything about mucous membrane or gastric juice or hydrochloric acid, comes and says, "All things together work for good to those who love God," and that if your child is gone, it is only because Jesus has folded it in His arms, and that the judgment-day will explain things that are now inexplicable. Oh! let us dig out this Gospel-well of comfort. Take

away the stoicism and fatality with which you have been trying to fill it. Drive up the great herd of your cares and anxieties, and stop their bleating in this cool fountain.

UNENDING REST.—Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dews of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant; but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, no night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song; but rest—perfect *rest*—UNENDING REST.

JOIN SOME CHURCH.—Look over the whole list of churches and clergymen, and I think you will find one good enough for your soul. Keep, if you will, your prejudice against all other institutions, but love that one. To some of you I commend the Episcopalian liturgy as the best; to others, the informal worship of the Methodist. Some of you had better be sprinkled, and others had better go down to be dipped in the flood. To some of you I commend a church where the music is led by a precentor, and all the people join in the singing; to others, a church where four persons stand in the loft and conduct the music, and during the dull passages in prayer and sermon write sentimental notes or eat philopenas. Amid all the denominations there must be one place where your soul will be blessed.

"HE DIED FOR ME."—I was reading, a day or two ago, about a farmer who was found kneeling at a soldier's grave near Nashville.

Some one came to him and said, "Why do you pay so much attention to this grave? Was your son buried here?" "No," he said. "During the war, my family were all sick. I knew not how to leave them. I was drafted. One of my neighbours came over and said, 'I will go for you; I have no family.' He went off. He was wounded at Chickamauga. He was carried to the hospital, and died. And, sir, I have come a great many miles that I might write over his grave these words: '*He died for me.*'" Christ was our substitute. He went forth to fight our battles. He died. Oh, that we might write over His grave, each one of us, "*He died for me!*"

THE LAST BUSINESS DAY.—You move in routine. You rise at seven o'clock, breakfast, start for the store, enter your counting-room, read your letters, and give consequent orders. You look at the prices current, and talk with customers. You sell and you buy. You run

over to the bank or insurance company. You come back and look into the cash-drawer, and see by the book how much money your partner has drawn out. You run out to lunch. You come back. You drive out the street-pedlars, who have razors, or apples, or books to sell. At five or six o'clock you start for Fulton, Wall, or South Ferry. That order goes on day after day, and year after year. Yet a day is not far distant which may seem to be like all the others, but shall be entirely different. It will have two twilights—that of the morning and that of the evening. There will be a meridian. You will go to business—you will come back. Yet it will be, in the calendar of eternity, as marked a day as though it had no twilight; as though every hour the sky rang a fire-bell; as though faces looked out from all the clouds; as though the wind had voices; as though every hour an angel shot past your store door. It will be

your last business day. Unknown and unexpected by yourself, you will terminate all your business engagements. You will shut your cash-drawer, will close your portfolio, will slam shut the money-safe, will take your hat and go out. Nothing that ever happens in the store can take you back again. After ten, twenty, or thirty years being seen in business places, or the exchange, or at the broker's, you will not appear. Men will ask about you, and say, "Where is So-and-so?" and your friend will say, "Have you not heard the news?" and will then take a paper from his pocket, and point to your name on the death-list.

THE FOGS OF DOUBT SHALL BE CLEARED AWAY.—I stood on the top of the Catskills one bright morning. On the top of the mountain was a crown of flashing gold, while all beneath was rolling, writhing, contorted cloud. But after a while the arrows of light, shot

from heaven, began to make the glooms of the valley strike tent. The mists went skurrying up and down like horsemen in wild retreat. The fogs were lifted, and dashed, and whirled. Then the whole valley became one grand illumination. Gradually, they moved off. The green valleys looked up. Then the long flash of the Hudson unsheathed itself, and there were the white flocks of villages lying amid the rich pastures, golden grain-fields, and the soft, radiant cradle of the valley, in which a young empire might sleep. So there hangs over all the graves, and sepulchres, and mausoleums of the ages a darkness that no earthly lamp can lift; but from above the Sun of Righteousness shines, and the dense fogs of scepticism having lifted, the valleys of the dead stand in the full gush of the morning of the resurrection.

"NOTHING TO ME NOW." — Among the Sierra Nevada Mountains I was walking with

some of the passengers to relieve the overladen stage, and one of them gave me his history. He said, "With my wife I came to California twenty years ago. We suffered every hardship. I went to the mines, but had no luck. I afterwards worked at a trade, but had no luck. Then I went to farming, but had no luck. We suffered almost starvation. Everything seemed to go against us. While we were in complete poverty, my wife died. After her death I went again to the mines. I struck a vein of gold which yielded me forty thousand dollars. I am now on my way to San Francisco to transfer the mine, for which I am to receive one hundred thousand dollars." "Then," said I, "you are worth one hundred and forty thousand dollars." He said, "Yes; but it comes too late. My wife is gone. The money is nothing to me now."

THE LAST MOMENT OF LIFE: that is often

the most cheerful moment. John Howard talked of it with exhilaration, and selected his own burial-place, saying to his friend, "A spot near the village of Dauphiny would suit me nicely." When John Doule was dying in the triumph of the Gospel, some one said, "Let us pray." "No," said another Christian, "let us sing him over the Jordan!" But it will be a dark moment if we are unfitted for it. When we get in the last two minutes of our lives, there will be no time left for anything. You might as well try to strike a match and get a light on a ship's deck in the midst of a hurricane as to prepare for eternity when the winds of death are in full blast. It is a poor time to start to get your house insured when the flames are bursting out of all the windows, and it is a poor time to attempt to prepare for death when the realities of eternity are taking hold of us!

GOD'S REVEALED WORD. — Scientific men are trying to show us, through the newspapers and through philosophic papers, that our race is descended from the monkey. But we, who believe in God's Word, read there that God made man in His own image, and not in the image of a monkey. Get out of my way with your theories! Scientific men cannot understand the origin of this world. We open our Bibles, and we feel like the Christian Arab, who said to the sceptic, when asked by him why he believed that there was a God, "How do I know that it was a man and not a camel that went past my tent last night? Why, I know him by the tracks." Then, looking over at the setting sun, the Arab said to the sceptic, "Look there! that is not the work of a man; that is the track of a God." We have all these things revealed in God's Word. It is a very different book from what it once was to me.

I used to take it as a splendid poem, and read it as I read John Milton. I took it up sometimes as a treatise on law, and read it as I did Blackstone. I took it as a fine history, and read it as I did Josephus. Ah! now it is not the poem; it is not the treatise of law; it is not the history. It is simply a family album that I open, and see before me the face of God, my Father; of Christ, my Saviour; of heaven, my eternal home.

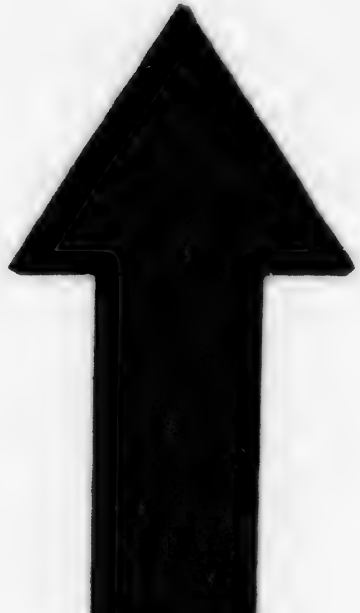
WORLDLY HONOURS HOLLOW. — The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution! A man fit for any position." That same world said, after a while, "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. While Charles Mathews was per-

forming in London, before immense audiences, one day a worn-out and gloomy man came into a doctor's shop, saying, "Doctor, what can you do for me?" The doctor examined his case and said, "My advice is that you go and see Charles Mathews." "Alas! alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Mathews." Jeffrey thought if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day on which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favour of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets and orators were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt on the day when he wrote of the daisy,

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then [illegible], his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots, which he insisted on having on his feet when dying.

GOOD OR EVIL.—Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do,



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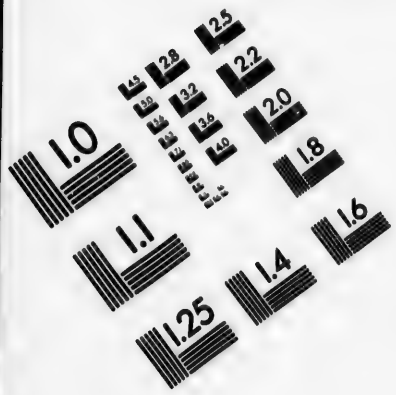

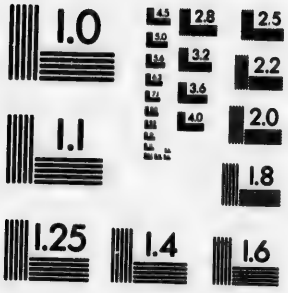

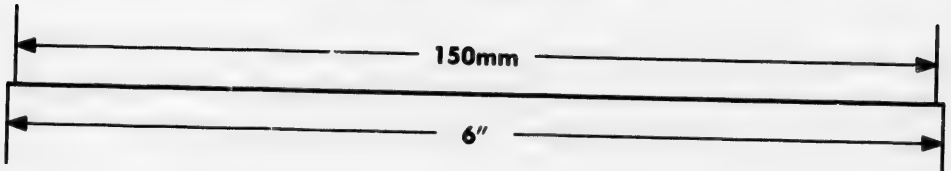

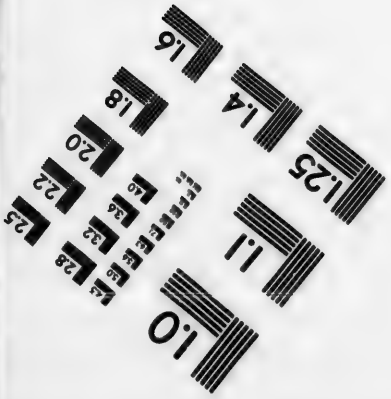

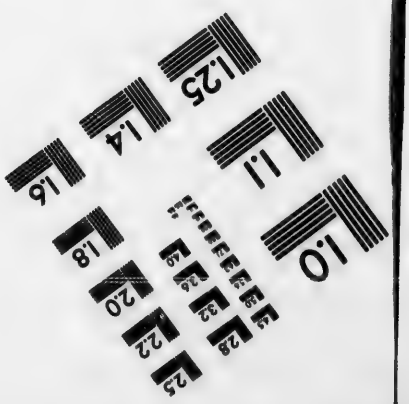

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or he who saved an empire talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.—"A hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." There may be no colour in the cheek, no lustre in the eye, no spring in the step, no firmness in the voice, and yet around the head of every old man whose life has been that of a Christian there hovers a glory brighter than ever shook in the white tops of the almond tree. If the voice quiver, it is because God is changing it into a tone fit for the celestial choral. If the back stoop, it is only because the body is just about to lie down in peaceful sleep. If the hand tremble, it is because God is unloosing it from worldly disappointments to clasp it on ringing harp and waving palm. If the hair has turned, it is only

the gray light of heaven's dawn streaming through the scant locks. If the brow, once adorned by a luxuriance of auburn or raven, is smitten with baldness, it is only because God is preparing a place to set the everlasting crown. The falling of this aged Christian's staff will be the signal for the heavenly gate to swing open. The scattering of the almond blossoms will only discover the setting of the fruit.

POWER OF FORGIVENESS.—A soldier in England was brought by a sergeant to the colonel. "What," says the colonel, "bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh, no," says the sergeant; "there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" said the colonel. Said the man, "*Forgiveness.*" The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the colonel said, "Well, young man, you have done so-and-so. What

is your excuse?" "I have no excuse, but I am very sorry," said the man. "We have made up our minds to forgive you," said the colonel. The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way before. His life was reformed, and that was the starting-point for a positively Christian life.

AN AGED MINISTER SOLD.—General Fisk says that he once stood at a slave-block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him, "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a [illegible]; he is a minister." Somebody said "twenty dollars;" somebody else "twenty-five"—"thirty"—thirty-five"—"forty." The aged Christian minister began to tremble: he had expected to be able to buy his own freedom; and he had just seventy dollars, and expected with the seventy dollars to get free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more. "Forty"—"forty-five"—"fifty"

—"fifty-five"—"sixty"—"sixty-five." The old man cried out "seventy." He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid, and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—"done—done!"

A CHRISTIAN is not afraid of Sinai. The thunders do not frighten him. You have seen two thunder-showers meet. One cloud from this mountain, and another cloud from that mountain, coming together, and responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very same stream that comes down so red at your feet, that it seems as if all the carnage of the storm-battle has been emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary; and they respond one to the other — flash to flash, thunder to thunder,

boom! boom! Sinai thunders, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Calvary responds, "Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Sinai says, "Woe! woe!" Calvary answers, "Mercy! mercy!" And then the clouds burst, and empty their treasures into one torrent, and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord—in which, if thy soul be plunged, it shall go forth *free—free!*

YOUR LAST SABBATH.—If you are forty years of age, two thousand and eighty of your Sabbaths are gone. Indeed, the whole flock of them is started, and the last of them will soon spread wing. It will break from the east. The bells will ring. There will be the shuffle of young feet and old on the way to church. The baptismal waters will be shed, the sacramental wine poured, the evening service will pass, the *Amen* will finish the benediction, the lights will be lowered,

the gates will be shut, and the sexton will turn the key in the lock. Nothing peculiar in the looks of the wall that night, or in the sound of the music. But that will be the ending of your Sabbaths. Can you not have one more? Not one more. It will come for others, but not for you. The last hymn. The last sermon. The last benediction. The last Sabbath. The last time!

GOD'S PROVISION FOR OUR COMFORT.—You see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate; music for the ear; beauty for the eye; aroma for the nostril; kindred for our affections; poetry for our taste; religion for our soul. He gives the sun to shine on us, and the waters to refresh us, and food to strengthen is; and the herbs yield medicine when we are sick, and the forests timber when we would build a house or cross the water in a ship. The rocks are transported

for our foundation, and metals upturned for our currency; and wild beasts must give us covering; and the mountains must be tunnelled to let us pass; and the fish of the sea come up in our net; and the birds of the air drop at the flash of our guns; and the cattle on a thousand hills come down to give us meat. For us the peach-orchards bend down their fruit, and the vineyards their purple clusters. To feed and refresh our intellect, ten thousand wonders in Nature and Providence—wonders of mind and body; wonders of earth, and air, and deep; analogies and antitheses; all colours and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; conflagrations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the "Grand March" of God in the storm.

THE PEOPLE'S ORDINATION. — There are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to church. The only kind of pulpit that will reach them is a dry-goods box or

a drayman's cart at the street corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath to be preaching the Gospel in our great city parks. "What!" you ask, "would you let them preach without ordination?" I answer: If Conferences and Presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of suffering and crime within ten minutes' walk of our best churches, and there have you tell the story of Christ, until men, redeemed from their cups, and women, elevated from a life of pollution, and children, whose bare, bleeding feet are on the road to death, should be by your instrumentality saved. Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination on your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Ah! that would be an ordination as

good as the laying on of hands by Conferences and Synods — an ordination that would be most bright in the day when,

> "Shrivelled like a parchèd scroll,
> The flaming heavens together roll."

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN." — Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this Stranger looked—the colour of His eyes, the length of His hair, the contour of His features, the height of His stature. "Come down," said Christ. So many people, in this day, get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about His divinity, about God's sovereignty, and the eternal decrees. They speculate and criticise, and hang on to the outside limb of a great sycamore. But they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We cannot be saved as philosophers, but as little children.

THE AVALANCHE OF SIN. — It is high time to get out of your sins. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of your finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveller's foot starts the mass, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sins of your youth, and the sins of your manhood, and the sins of your womanhood, may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right — so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning; but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon

you an avalanche of ruin and of condemnation.

GLORY AFTER THE RAIN. — The chief glory of God comes after the rain. No shower, no rainbow; no trouble, no brightness of Christian consolation. Weavers are sometimes, by reason of their work, dusty and rough in their apparel; and so it is the coarse-clad tempest whose hand and foot swing the shuttle that weaves the rainbow.

STORMS NECESSARY. — Many Christians are dull, and stupid, and useless, because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. You cannot make a thorough Christian life out of sunshine alone. There are some very dark hues in the ribbon of the rainbow: you must have in life the blue as well as the orange. Mingling all the colours of the former makes a white light; and it takes all the shades and sadnesses and vicissitudes

of life to make the white lustre of a pure Christian character.

GIVE TO THE LORD.—There are hundreds of business men, Christian men, in New York City, who have gone down, for the simple reason, as I believe, that they did not give to God that which belonged to Him. They did not give Him any percentage at all, or such a very small percentage that the Lord God collected His own bills by fire, by storm, or by death. Two men I knew very well, some years ago, on the streets of New York. They were talking about the matter of benevolence. One said to the other, "You give too much. I will wait until I get a large pile of money, and then I will give." "No," said the other, "I will give as God prospers me." Hear the sequel. The former lives in New York City to-day, dollarless; the latter gathered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

GIVE ENOUGH. — I believe that the reason why many people are kept poor is because they do not give enough. If a man gives in the right spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the Church, he is insured for time and for eternity. The Bank of England is a weak institution compared with the bank that any Christian man can draw upon. That man who stands by Christ, Christ will stand by him.

RESTITUTION.—There is no need of our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. You have committed a fraud, and there is no mercy for you until you have made restitution. You say, "I cannot make restitution. The parties whom I swindled are gone." Then I say, "Take the money up to the American Bible Society, and consecrate it to God."

HOMELY EARNESTNESS. — I have heard

finely educated men in prayer-meeting talk in sentences of Miltonic affluence, yet their words fell dead upon the meeting; but when some poor, uneducated man arose, and said, "I suppose you fellers think that because I don't know nothing, I haven't no right to speak. But Christ has converted my soul, and you know I was the miserablest chap in town; and if God will pardon me, He will pardon you. Come to Jesus! Come now!" —the prayer-meeting broke down with religious emotion.

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? Oh, prepare for it. Leave it not until the last hour. Leave it not until you get sick: you may never be sick. Leave it not until you get more time: you may never get more time. Leave it not until you get old: you may never get old. Leave it not until the Spirit strives more powerfully: it may never strive again. Leave it not until to-morrow. This night

—*this very night*—thy soul may be required of thee.

CHRIST THE ONLY SHELTER.—Christ is the only shelter of the soul in trouble. What can you do without Him when sorrow comes? This world has no balsam for a wounded soul, no shelter for a bruised spirit. The dove, in the time of the Deluge, flew north, and it was all water; and south and east and west, and it was all water, in which were tossed the carcases of the dead world; and the first solid thing the dove's feet touched was the window of the ark. So the soul in trouble goes out in one direction, and finds nothing substantial to rest upon; and in another direction, and every whither, but there is no rest for the dove save the Ark.

WORKERS EDUCATED AND NOT EDUCATED.—We want men who have had opportunity of thorough and elaborate culture in theological seminaries, and who have been set apart by

the laying on of hands, for special work which they, and only they, are competent to do. But until the right and the duty of all private Christian men and women to work for Christ, in any way they think they can serve Him best, is acknowledged, the Church of God will fail to perform its mission, and the forces of sin will discomfit the forces of righteousness. God has promised victory to the Church of God, but not as long as out of five hundred troops four hundred and ninety-nine refuse to shoulder the musket, and fill the canteen.

"ATONEMENT." — The word itself means at-one-ment. Man is a sinner and deserves to die. Jesus comes in and bears his punishments and weeps his griefs. I was lost once, but now I am found. I deserve to die, but Jesus took the lances into His own heart until His face grew pale, His chin dropped on His chest, and He had strength only to say, "It is finished." The boat swung

round into the trough of the sea, and would have been swamped, but Jesus took hold of the oar. That which must have been the Waterloo of my defeat now becomes the Waterloo of my triumph, because Blucher has come up to save. Expiation! expiation! The law tried me for high treason against God, and found me guilty. I was asked what I had to say why sentence of eternal death should not be pronounced upon me, and I had nothing to say. I stood on the scaffold of God's justice; the black cap of eternal death was about to be drawn over my eyes, when from the hill of Calvary One came. He dashed through the ranks of earth and heaven and hell. He rode swiftly. His garments were dyed with blood, His face was bleeding, His feet were dabbled with gore, and He cried out, "Save that man from going down to the pit! I am the ransom!" And He threw back the coat from

His heart, and that heart burst into a crimson fountain, and He dropped dead at my feet: and I felt His hands, and they were stiff; and I felt His feet, and they were cold; and I felt His heart, and it was pulseless; and I cried, "Dead!" Around this great well of the Atonement the chief battles of Christianity are to be fought.

THE FOREMOST AGENT. — The great majority of women have not come to the usefulness for which Christ intended them. While we leave to the politician the discussion of the question as to whether she shall have any political rights, we will not leave to the politician the discussion of the question that belongs to the ministry: What shall be her work in the Church of God? Much of the work that she has done has been under the bans and prejudices and superstitions that have reached over from the dark ages. And yet I believe that she who, in the Bethlehem

manger, gave Jesus to the world, will yet be the foremost agent in carrying Jesus to all the nations.

WOMAN AMONG THE HEATHEN, AND AMONG CHRISTIANS. — Now, what is the difference between the condition of women there and here, then and now? The only difference is that which is made by the Gospel of the Son of God. O woman! to-day you would have been hitched to the plough, or you would have been leaping upon the funeral-pyre, or you would have been ground under the heel of man's cruelty and insolence, were it not for the fact that in this land and in this age the Lord Jesus Christ appeared, with love in His voice and omnipotence in His arm, and stood above this grave of womanhood, and said, Come forth; and she has come forth in the dignity of a Christian hope.

WOMAN'S SPHERE. — If there be a family

of four, five, or six children, after the mother has trained them for God and heaven, provided for their wants, cultured them, corrected their evil habits, and looked after their manners and morals, she will not have much time for anything else, and, in most cases, no time at all left for outside fields of work. Mark, then, the fact that home is to many the chief sphere, to many the only sphere, of usefulness. I consider it the curse of this day that so many mothers have resigned the responsibilities of the household—turning, through the week-day, their children over to the day-school, and, on the Sabbath, to the Sabbath-school, and in all the evenings of the week giving over their children to hired servants. The day-school has its work; the Sabbath-school has its work; hired servants have their work; but they can never take the place of the mother. It is the finest sphere imaginable.

THE GLORIES OF NIGHT.—What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman Campagna! Awful night among the Cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast, towards which I hope we all are sailing; and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbour.

WOMAN ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—There never was a better illustration given of how well women can help in the camp, if she tries to, than during our late war. Men forged the cannon. Men fashioned the musketry. Men manned the guns. Men unlimbered the batteries. Men lifted the wounded into the am-

bulances. But women scraped the lint. Women administered the cordials. Women watched the dying pillow. Women wrote the last messages of love to the home circles. A woman was the mourner, the only mourner, at many a burial where there were besides herself four men with a spade.

PREACHING IN THE ABSTRACT.—Religious address in this day, for the most part, has gone into the abstract and essayic. The word "sinner" is almost dropped out of the Christian vocabulary; it is not thought polite to use that word now. It is methodistic or old-fashioned. If you want to tell men they are sinners, you must say they are spiritually erratic, or have moral deficits, or they have not had a proper spiritual development; and I have not heard in twenty years that old hymn,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."

In the first place, they are not sinners; and

in the second place, they are neither poor nor needy! I have heard Christian men in prayer-meetings and elsewhere talk as though there were no very great radical change before a man becomes a Christian: all he has got to do is to stop swearing, clear his throat a few times, take a good wash, and he is ready for heaven! My friends, if every man has not gone astray, and if the whole race is not plunged in sin and ruin, then that Bible is the greatest fraud ever enacted, for from beginning to end it sets forth that they are.

KEEP YOUR PLACE.—Let the young be sure to begin right. Not once in a thousand times does a man successfully change occupations. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Many have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's brief and the author's pen;

between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express-train of life. A daffodil and a buttercup resolved to change places with each other, but in crossing over from stem to stem they fell at the feet of a heart's-ease. "Just as I expected!" said Heart's-ease. "You might better have stayed in your places!"

A QUEENLY WOMAN.—What is your model of a queenly woman? Maria Theresa of Germany? No! Catharine of Russia? No! Mary Queen of Scots? No! Your idea of a queenly woman is the plain woman who presided over your father's household. Sitting opposite to him at the table. Arm in arm with him going down the path of life. Sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet. Sometimes to the grave. Always side by side. Soothing your little griefs. Correcting your little follies. Joining in your little sports.

Hearing your little prayer. Toiling with you, and for you, at the needle and at the spinning wheel. On cold nights putting you to slumber, and wrapping you up snug and warm. Caring for you until that dark day when she folded her hands in her dying prayer, and commended you to the God in whom she had taught you to trust.

HOME.—There are houses in this city, two stories high, four plain unpapered rooms, in a most desirable neighbourhood; but there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home! When he thinks of it, angels encamp about it. Ladders are let down from heaven to every pillow in that house. Over the child's rough crib there are outstrippings as sweet as those that broke above Bethlehem. It is home! home! The children of the family will grow up, and though they may get splendid residences of their own, they will never forget

that homely place — the place where their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. If you wanted to gather up all tender memories, all lights and shadows of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, conjugal affections, and had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would write it all out with these four capital letters: H-O-M-E.

WOMAN AT HOME.—Thank God, O woman! for the quietude of your home, and that you are queen in it. Men come at eventide to the home; but all day long you are there, beautifying it, sanctifying it, adorning it, blessing it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. It may be a very humble home. There may be no carpet on the floor. There may be no pictures on

the wall. There may be no silks in the wardrobe. But, by your faith in God and your cheerful demeanour, you may garniture that place with more splendour than the upholsterer's hand ever kindled.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—How may we know if we are in our right place—not an inch above, not an inch below? If you can perform your work easily, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious effort to do more than he can do. It is just as easy for a star to swim in its orbit as for a mote to float in a sunbeam. Nature never sweats. The great law of gravitation holds the universe on its back as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never run themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course. The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired

than the meadow-brook. Himalaya is not dizzy.

WORK FOR WOMEN.—There are thousands and tens of thousands of women who do not seem to be called to wifehood and motherhood; and there must be a sphere of usefulness somewhere for them. I proceed, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to point out to such some spheres of work. I point you to the hospital of suffering and to the couch of pain. Ah! no one can fill that sphere of usefulness but a woman. Man's hand is too hard. His foot is too heavy. His voice is too loud. He does not know where to set the candle. He cannot pour the drops. He is upsetting something in the sick-room. He cannot do it! But the Lord, who sent Miss Dix to the Virginia hospitals; the Lord, who sent Florence Nightingale to the Crimea; the Lord, who sent the maid of Saragossa into the reeking hospitals of

Europe — sends you to the couch of pain and to the hospital of distress. Have you accepted the mission?

THE FIRST THING to do with a lamb is to put it in the arms of the Great Shepherd. Of course we must observe natural laws. Give a child excessive meat diet, and it will grow up sensual, and catechism three times a day and sixty grains in each dose won't prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction. But while we are to use common sense in every direction respecting a child, the first thing is to strive for his conversion; and there is nothing more potent than family prayers.

INFLUENCE OF FAMILY PRAYERS.—No child

ever gets over having heard parents praying for him. I had many sound thrashings when I was a boy; but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgression, but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and, perhaps, his redemption.

FAMILY PRAYER SHOULD BE APPROPRIATE. Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses, black and red and speckled, unless you explain why they were speckled. For all the good your children get from such reading you might as well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus, and the children climbing into His arms, or the lad with the loaves and

fishes, or the sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions; make the exercise so interesting that little Johnnie will stop playing with his shoestrings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things He knows without your telling Him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn, if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate, and gladly solemn.

PRAYER FOR OUR CHILDREN WILL BE ANSWERED. My grandmother was a praying woman. My father's name was David. One day he and other members of the family started for a gay party. Grandmother said, "Go, David, and enjoy yourself; but all the time you and your brothers and sisters are there I will be praying for you." They went, but did not have a very good time, knowing that their mother was

praying for them. The next morning grandmother heard loud weeping in the room below. She went down and found her daughter crying violently. What was the matter? She was in anxiety about her soul—an anxiety that found no relief short of the Cross. Word came that David was at the barn in great agony. Grandmother went, and found him on the barn floor praying for the life of his soul. The news spread to the neighbouring houses, and other parents became anxious about their children; the influence spread to the village of Somerville, and there was a great turning unto God, and over two hundred souls in one day stood up in the village church to profess faith in Christ. It all originated from my grandmother's prayer for her sons and daughters.

GOOD RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.—Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and

can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it! Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the Church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, *we* should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and for ever.

EXCESSIVE FASHION makes people unnatural and untrue. It is a factory from which has come forth more hollow pretences, and unmeaning flatteries, and hypocrisies, than the Lowell Mills ever turned out shawls and garments. Fashion is the greatest of all liars. It has

made Society insincere. When people ask you to come, you do not know whether or not they want you to. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent "Not at home," when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say, "The furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have no fire in it all the winter.

INTELLECT AND FASHION. — The endless study of proprieties and etiquette, patterns and styles, is bedwarfing to the intellect. How belittling the study of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a shoe, or the colour of a ribbon! How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted! With a mind capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects; able to unravel mysteries; to

walk through the universe; to soar up in to the infinity of God's attributes — hovering perpetually over a new style of mantilla! I have known men, reckless as to their character, and regardless of interests momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest-button!

FIVE ACTS OF THE RUM TRAGEDY.—Act I. Young man starting from home. Parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Waggon passing over the hills. Farewell kiss thrown back. Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop. —Act II. Marriage altar. Bright lights. Full organ. White veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamations of "How well she looks!" Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.—Act III. Midnight. Woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window-pane. Many marks of hardship on the face. Biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, disgrace. Ring the

bell, and let the curtain drop.—Act IV. Three graves in a very dark place. Grave of child who died from lack of medicine. Grave of wife who died of a broken heart. Grave of husband and father who died of dissipation. Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. O what a blasted heath with three graves! Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.—Act V. A destroyed soul's eternity. No light; no music; no hope! Despair coiling around the heart with unutterable anguish. Blackness of darkness for ever!

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHILDREN.—When a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on the playground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tighly that he became a little variegated in colour, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps

you would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

GOOD HEARERS.—We hear a great deal about good speakers and poor speakers, but I think that we have yet to recognise in the Church of God that it requires just as much skill, just as much grace, aright to hear as aright to speak. When we stand at last before the Throne of Judgment, and I shall give an account of the manner in which I have talked of Jesus Christ and of the things of eternity, I do not suppose that my account will be any more serious than will be yours who have listened.

CHILDREN IN THE MORNING.—Children will wake up early in the morning. Perhaps you have been disturbed in the night, and gone wandering around the room in your somnolent state, as much confused as ourselves on one occasion when, at midnight, we heard a croupy cough in the nursery, and gave the ipecac to the wrong baby. Just as you begin your last morning nap, you hear a stir in the adjoining room. The trundle bed is evidently discharging a lot of bare feet on the floor. You hear suppressed laughter at the door, slipping out into an occasional shout as one of them applies the force of a tickle to the bottom of the other's feet. You are provoked to be interrupted at such unreasonable hours, and proclaim children a nuisance. You are glad that the door is locked. But they rattle the knob. They blow through the keyhole. They push slips of paper under the door, and, getting more and more bold, they knock. Ten fingers,

tipped with the rosy tints of the morn, are running races up and down the panel. Your indignation begins to cool, and your determination not to admit is giving way. The noise of fingers is intermingled with the stroke of dimpled fists. At last you open the door, and there bursts in a snow-flurry of night-gowns, and they bound along, brunette and blonde, wild as young Arabs. The lock that would have confounded burglar, and the bolt that strongest hand could not have broken, flew open at the touch of the tip-end of a baby's fingers.

FASHION.—For thousands of years she hath sat queen over all the earth, and the revolutions that rock down all other thrones have not affected her domination. Other constitutions have been torn, and other laws trampled; but lords, dukes, kings, and queens have been the subjects of her realm. She arranged the mantle of the patriarch, the toga of the

Roman, the shoe of the Chinese, the turban of the Turk, and the furs of the Laplander. Her laws are written on parchment and palm-leaf, on broken arch and cathedral tracery. She arranged the Egyptian mummy, Cæsar's ride, and how the Athenians should speak. Her voice is heard in the gold mart, in the roar of the street, in the shuffle of the crowded bazaars, in the rattle of the steam-presses, and in the songs of the churches. It makes the rules of behaviour; helps to make up religious belief; decides to what church we shall go, the style of the gown in the pulpit, and the style of the rhetoric. Fashion has been one of the most potent reformers, and one of the vilest usurpers; sometimes an angel from heaven, and at others the mother of harlots.

WORKERS' WIT. — It is the earnest man, with an earnest work to do, who in unexpected moment puts the lever of his witticism under your soul, and sends you roaring

with a laughter that shuts your eyes, and rends your sides, and makes you thankful for a stout waistcoat, which seems to be the only thing that keeps you from explosion. Working-men have a right to be facetious. We have no objection to a hen's cackle, if it has first laid a large round egg for the breakfast-table. But we had on our farm a hen that never did anything but cackle. The most rousing wit ever uttered was by stalwart men like Robert South and Jean Paul Richter. With them wit was only the foaming flake on the wave that carried into port a magnificent cargo. It was only the bell that rang you to a banquet of stalled ox and muscovy. But, lackaday! if, at the ringing of the bell, we went to find nothing but a cold slice of chuckle, a hash of drollery, jokes stewed, and jokes stuffed, and jokes panned, and jokes roasted, and jokes with gravy, and jokes without gravy. Pro-

fessor Wilson, the peerless essayist, could afford to put on "Sporting Jacket," and mould the snowball for the "Bicker of Pedmount," and go a-picnicing at Windermere, and shake up into rollicking glee, Lockhart, Hamilton, Gillies, and his other *Blackwood* cronies, if, in that way refreshed for toil, he could come into the University of Edinburgh, to mould and shape the heart and intellect of Scotland with a magic touch that will be felt a thousand years. He is the most entertaining man who mixes in proper proportion work and play.

GLOOM IN THE FAMILY. — Boys and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so, she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlour is a parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are

a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend Young's "Night Thoughts" and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs." At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the catechisms. He will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red Sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow all the meadows.

LIFE AND A MASQUERADE BALL. — At masquerade balls gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mountain bandits or clowns, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguises. So in this dissipated life all unclean passions move in

mask. Across the floor they trip merrily. The lights sparkle along the wall, or drop from the ceiling—a very cohort of fire! The music charms. The diamonds glitter. The feet bound. Gemmed hands, stretched out, clasp gemmed hands. Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brow bends low to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flash, and rustle, and laughter, and immeasurable merry-making. But the languor of death comes over the limbs, and blurs the sight. Lights lower! Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower! The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odour, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower! Mists fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty,—a shroud!

Lights lower! Over the slippery boards, in the dance of death, glide jealousies, disappointments, lust, despair. Torn leaves and withered garlands only half hide the ulcered feet. The stench of smoking lamp-wicks almost quenched. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed. *Lights out!*

HONOURABLE FOR WOMEN TO TOIL.—It was considered honourable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus the emperor would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

SEWING WOMEN. — There are thirty-five thousand sewing girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear

their death-groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-pricked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough! At a large meeting of these women, held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered; but a needlewoman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and, with her shrivelled arm, hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out of the horrors of her own experience.

How to Spoil a Child.—It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it

brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will proceed to open. If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruction. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before and one of them behind. But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do

well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it.

STOCK SWINDLE AND SEWING WOMEN.—There are scores of men to-day on the streets whose costly family wardrobes, whose rosewood furniture, whose splendid turn-outs, whose stately mansions, are made out of the distresses of sewing women, whose money they gathered up in a stock swindle. There is human sweat in the golden tankards. There is human blood in the crimson plush. There are the bones of unrequited toil in the pearly keys of the piano. There is the curse of an incensed God hovering over all their magnificence. Some night the man will not be able to rest. He will rise up in bewilderment and look about him, crying: "Who is there?"

Those whom he has wronged will thrust their skinny arms under the tapestry, and touch his brow, and feel for his heart, and blow their sepulchral breath into his face, crying, "Come to judgment!"

INJUSTICE TO WOMAN.—Last Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said, gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep; but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterwards that she was making garments for eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them a day! Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes! Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers

of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back.

REDEMPTION OF THE OUTCAST.—I have so much faith in the advancement of our race under the Gospel, that I suppose the rising generations are to have in their number more noblemen than their predecessors. I suppose that every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs, and Augustines, and Wilberforces, and Clarksons, and Moffats, and Robert Halls. There they are! on the back-seat in the mission-school. There they are! playing marbles in the low alley, their knees out, their elbows out, their toes out, their hats rimless, and their souls Christless; and in

double columns there is printed on their countenances a tragedy of unutterable pain. But they shall be gathered in. Sabbath-schools will do their work. Tract and Bible Societies will do their work. A Christian printing-press will do its work. And they who are now scoffed at as ragamuffins will pass on to be the men of might and the men of God in future years.

LET US ALL GO TO PREACHING. Send polished Paul up to Athens, and plain Bartholomew down among the fishing-smacks by the sea. Do not look so anxiously into your pockets for your diploma from Yale, or your license from Presbytery. If the Lord does not send you into the ministry, no canon of the Church can shoot you into it. But if He has put His hand on your head, you are ordained, and your working apron shall be the robe, and the anvil your pulpit; and while you are smiting the iron, the hammer of God's truth

will break the flinty heart in pieces. Peter was never a sophomore, nor John a freshman. Harlan Page never heard that a tangent to the parabola bisects the angle formed at the point of contact by a perpendicular to the directrix and a line drawn to the focus. If George Muller should attempt chemical experiments in a philosopher's laboratory, he would soon blow himself up. And hundreds of men, grandly useful, were never struck on commencement stage by a bouquet flung from the ladies' gallery. Quick! Let us find our work. You preach a sermon — you give a tract—you hand a flower—you sing a song—you give a crutch to a lame man—you teach the Sabbath-class their A, B, C—you knit a pair of socks for a foundling—you pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! We shall be dead soon!

ALL THE INVITATIONS of the Gospel amount to nothing unless we accept them. We may

have medicines in the house when we are sick, but if we do not take them we shall not be cured. We may have a very good musket, but if we do not carry it with us in the conflict we shall be driven back in defeat. We must take the great truths of the Gospel, and apply them to our hearts and consciences; and when a brother rises to speak, let us take the truths he so utters to our hearts, and not be disturbed by any imperfect utterance.

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES. —— Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second sight"

had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting in the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapour floating thinly away, as though it were

a wing ascending, and grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapour that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's palace. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now through a glass darkly! Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!

ALL SCRIPTURE IS TO BE EXPOUNDED as far as possible; but one part is not to absorb attention to the neglect of others. Let us not be so pleased with the lily that Christ points out in His sermon that we cannot

see the raven that flies past; nor, while we examine the salt to find if it has lost its savour, forget to take the candle from under the bushel. The song of the morning stars at the creation must have response in the doxology of the hundred and forty and four thousand. David's harp and the resurrection trumpet are accordant. The pennon swung from the cedar masts of ships of Tarshish must be answered by the sail of fishing-boat on Gennesareth. Into this great battle for God we are to take Gideon's sword, and David's sling, and the white horse of Victory on which Immanuel triumphs. Hiddekel and Jordan must be confluent. Pisgah and Moriah, Sinai and Calvary, must all stand in the great scriptural ranges. No solo or quartette in this Bible music, but the battle-chorus of all the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles. In the wall of heaven are beautifully blended jasper and emerald, beryl and sardonyx, amethyst and

chrysoprasus. No one doctrine, however excellent, must be ridden constantly.

EVENINGS AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.—I describe the history of thousands of households when I say that the tea is rapidly taken, and while yet the family linger the father shoves back his chair, has "an engagement," lights his cigar, and starts out, not returning until after midnight. That is the history of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, except when he is sick, and cannot get out. How about home duties? Have you fulfilled all your vows? Would your wife ever have married you with such a prospect? Wait until your sons get to be sixteen or seventeen years of age, and they too will shove back from the tea-table, have an "engagement," light their cigars, go over to their club-houses, their night-key rattling in your door after midnight—the effect of your example. And as your son's constitution may not be

as strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks more terribly drugged, he will catch up with you on the road to death, although you got the start of him.

Two Houses.—I sketch two houses. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal, gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlour. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy. — House the second. Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings.

Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering steps in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries—"Out! Out! What are you doing here!" Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook its fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell!

IF YOU WOULD SHUN AN IMPURE LIFE, avoid those who indulge in impure conversation. There are many people whose chief mirthfulness is in that line. They are full of inuendo and phrases of double meaning, and are always picking out of the conversation of decent men something vilely significant. It is astonishing, in company, how many, professing to be Christians, will tell vile stories; and that some Christian women, in their own circles, have

no hesitation at the same style of talking. You take a step down hill when, without resistance, you allow any one to put into your ear a vile inuendo. If, forgetting who you are, any man attempts to say such things in your presence, let your better nature assert itself; look the offender full in the face, and ask—"What do you mean by saying such a thing in my presence?" Better allow a man to smite you in the face than to utter such conversation before you.

TWO MEN.—I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye!

What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world opens before him and cries, "Hurrah! hurrah!" — Man the second. Lies in the station-house to-night. The doctor has just been sent for, to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody, and cut. Who is the battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police, and carried in drunk, and foul, and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first! Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement-day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood!

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